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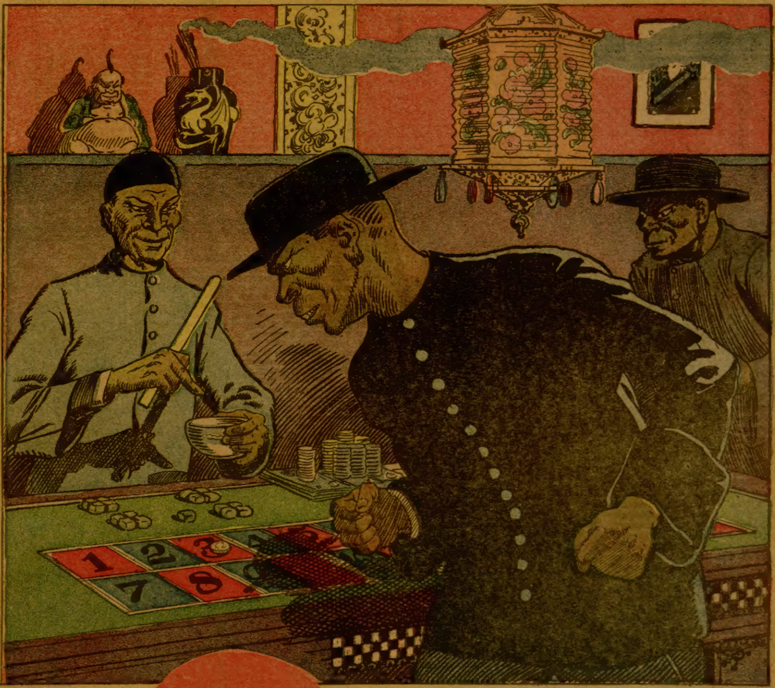

THE CHINK

An Odd Bit Out Of Frisco's Chinatown

by Raymond Richards

Complete on page 3

CHICAGO LEDGER

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Little Odd Story of the Week—No. 38

Fifth on the List

by Don Lampton

EDDIE THE STRANGLER was broke again. It seemed as tho nothing could be done to relieve this condition of impecuniosity—except, of course—another "job" like the previous ones. After all—why work for a living? It was so easy for one to come silently thru the window, approach the bed in stocking-feet, and then quickly fasten one's long steel-like fingers about the neck of the sleeper. To be sure, it required steady nerve—particularly during the short struggle that always ensued in the darkness—but there was little chance for one to fail if one took sufficient pains to get one's thumb in the proper position on the windpipe. Then, too, altho becoming less so each succeeding time, it was still rather unpleasant to have to view the purplish-black face of the dead person after the "job" was completed, the tiny pocket light turned on, and the search for the valuables begun. However, one had to endure these little trials for the sake of the recompense, since always—if one did not take it upon oneself to endure them—loomed up the dread possibility of having to earn one's bread by manual labor.

Thus reflected Eddie the Strangler as he leaned against a convenient lamppost with his hands sunk deep in his pockets and his hat pulled down over his forehead, waiting expectantly.

Apprehensively his eyes glanced toward the clock, visible thru the glass panel of the corner near-bear saloon door. Eleven P. M.! She certainly ought to be along soon. It was here that he had first seen her, a number of evenings before, as she strode briskly home from some place or other.

Finally she passed. Again Eddie looked her over critically. Not only the diamond hanging from each ear lobe, but the rings on her hands as well, showed conclusively that she must possess other jewelry of value. Well—it might as well be tonight as any other time. No use of following her night after night.

A half block behind her Eddie fell in step. This would be the last time that he need trail her to the place where she lived. His previous shadowing had shown him that she invariably proceeded to a rear room on the first floor of a theatrical boarding-house up near Washington Square. By making his way quickly around to the alley, after she closed the front door behind her, and watching her windows as she turned on the lights, he had learned that she lived alone.

THIS pink-and-white girl would be an easy victim. The very first one of those that went before had been a woman. She had died with but a few impotent thrusting motions of her soft white arms. The next three, tho, had been men. They had required more skill, more coolness, especially that huge German ex-bartender out in Englewood. However, one ought not to confine one's attention to the masculine sex alone; one should be more universal in one's calling. This handsome creature would help to even things up.

As she ascended the front steps and shut the door behind her, Eddie shrugged his shoulders and laughed aloud. Long before this time tomorrow the newspapers would be out with their glaring headlines, reading: "The Strangler Works Again," and "Young Woman Found Murdered in Bed. Valuables Missing." And he, Eddie, the cause of the extra editions, would be laboriously figuring out the value of the haul at so much per carat, in his tiny room in that great jungle, Chicago's West Side.

Swiftly he departed for the alley where he secured a position of vantage between two ash cans and watched her while she entered the room, switched on the light, and drew down the shades. Then he waited patiently until he saw the lights suddenly go out, the shades raised, and one window opened wide to admit the cool breeze from the lake. That, in itself, was luck. He had liked that phase of the situation from the very first moment, a week before, that he had begun to collect data on the coming affair. It obviated the necessity of bringing along a glass cutter and a cumbersome ball of putty.

An hour passed.

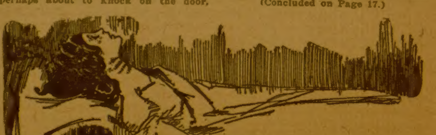
It must be the right time now. Before removing his shoes and climbing up on the fence that separated the two back yards he exercised his fingers vigorously for a few minutes. One's fingers must not be stiff at the crucial moment.

It required but a few seconds to climb from the fence to the sill and to step lightly in thru the open window to the floor of the room. For a very short while he stood motionless, listening to the regular breathing of the sleeper.

Then it was that he heard footsteps coming down the hall. Bah! Some fool perhaps about to knock on the door, awaken the girl on the bed, and ruin everything.

Well—there was no need for everything to be ruined. With catlike tread he crossed the floor to the opposite wall.

(Concluded on Page 17.)



LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE
IT'S TOASTED
It's toasted. This one extra process gives a delightful quality that can not be duplicated

What is Your Problem?

CONDUCTED FOR THE LEDGER by VICTORIA GREY

Readers having problems which they intend to submit to Miss Grey are advised that the response to her department has been so generous that several months will elapse before answers to queries coming in even at this date can be printed. Many questions thus far sent in are duplicates, however, of others, and perhaps YOUR problem may find its answer in the solution of some one else. If you have a problem it will pay you to watch this column.

DEAR MISS GREY: I have a problem that is worrying me very much. I am married to a man much older than myself. We have been married over four years and have two children. We got along fine until the first child was born, but then our troubles began. He is so jealous of me, he doesn't want me to go anywhere unless he is there also. It is seldom that I ever go anywhere on his account. He is simply insane with jealousy and it is getting to be more than I can bear. I have been wanting to take a trip in August and it will cost $13.80 there and back. He says if I go I can stay. If I want to go to see aunt or grandmother, he will say "If you go you can stay."

He drinks heavily and when he is drinking he accuses me of things that never cross my mind. Already I feel so relieved, having written this. FRECKLES.

It is often said and has often proven true that when a person is insanely jealous, it is a sign he is privately acting in a manner which would warrant his spouse in being jealous of him. In other words, when a man or woman is in a more or less degree unfaithful to the marital partner, he or she is most suspicious and jealous of that partner. I suppose it is just like the thief who suspects everyone else of being a thief. I do not say your husband has an unfaithful thought. However, that marked degree of jealousy does not look good. If I were in your place I should certainly take the little trip. And also, for my own information, I should, in some way or another, acquaint myself with my husband's doings while I was gone.

MY DEAR MISS GREY: When people are in trouble they generally go to some one for advice and I have lots of faith in your answers. Here is my trouble: I have been married for two years and a half. We have a little girl 7 months old. My husband is very fond of her but I do not think his love for me is as strong as it was. He is always in a bad mood when speaking to me and never has a pleasant word for me. He never kisses me unless I remind him of it. I have no other complaints as he never goes out at night unless with us. I have all the money I want but his coldness toward me is what hurts me. I am 23 and he, 25. Certainly will appreciate your answer. MRS. R. R. C.

Are you sure you have not let your personal appearance suffer on account of the baby? Of course, one expects a man to overlook a matter of this kind, but a man seldom does. At any rate, here is my wily plan for you. Wage a very definite campaign for a solid week of literally making love to your husband. Make him kiss you when he should. Make him put his arms around you. After the week, suddenly cease to do this. Do not make even one tiny little advance. And also, if before the week is over, he repels you very sternly, do not even finish the week. Let his rebuke mark the finish of your "love making." After you've stopped, make no more advances. Be sweet and gentle but make no more advances on your life. Some week or two or three thereafter, he will awaken, if not even before another week.

Congratulations on having a baby girl!

DEAR MISS GREY: I wonder if you could give me a bit of advice. My husband is thirteen years my senior. We have been married for five years. We have never been able to agree. He has a violent temper and it only takes trivial things to get him out of sorts, such as my wanting to have my way about some little thing. At those times he calls me horrible names and curses something awful and I always have to take the blame for starting the quarrel, even if I don't say anything. And I am always the one who has to make it up or he will pout for days. He has been very jealous for the last year or two tho I have never given him any cause. He accuses me falsely of having men callers when he is away and he threatens to leave me and sometimes to beat me or to kill me. Now I don't know what to do. I have never worked away from home and I will have to support myself if I leave him.

My husband is a farmer and is well to do financially, however he is very strict with me about money matters.

Divorces have never appealed to me, but what is life if this is the way it must be lived? UNHAPPY WIFE.

What indeed! The first time he accused you of having men callers when he was away was the time to leave. No one—no one who is a bit sincere would advise you to go on as you are. No one who has any compassion in breast would warn you not to leave. Furthermore, you are putting in more real labor merely in living with a nightmare of a husband such as that than you would if you were working in a factory without a husband.

Of course, as soon as you have left him, he will move heaven and earth to find you again, for a man who is used to abusing somebody somehow gets the habit and he finds he cannot live without the someone to abuse. He'll miss you and he'll miss abusing you. So, if you leave him and he finds you—before you go back, make sure he is not going to resume his former treatment of you. If the world were small and two people couldn't agree, they would have to stand it. But the world is big. As for the man's jealousy, see answer to Freckles in this issue.

DEAR MISS GREY: As a subscriber to the Ledger, may I ask a question? I have been going with a girl for the last few years until recently. She has gotten mad at me for some reason that I do not know. She is 18 years of age and I have learned to love her very much. Hoping to see your answer sometime soon, T. G. B.

Perhaps, you know, the girl thinks you have wasted her time long enough. If I were you and loved her, I should insist upon her marrying me. Of course, you may not be ready to support a wife, but if so, tell her that and ask her if she will wait for you. Tho she be angry at you, go up to her and tell her you have an important question to ask her. If she still refuses to listen, tell her at least to give you a chance that even a murderer gets, that of defending yourself. Tell her you cannot even defend yourself before her if you are not told what it is you have done to offend her.

TROUBLED CHILD: If you will send me in your address once more—I have lost it—a lady offers to send you some books. Suppose you talk this over with your father first.

The Chink

by Raymond Richards

It was the boast of Lo Kiang that when he had grown fat and prosperous in America he would return to China to laugh at Foo Gan, tradesman of Shinchau. Years later, the two friends met in a dingy little San Francisco restaurant.

LO KIANG, son of Heung, bade an unemotional farewell to his wife and 2-year-old son at a time when the lemon-colored fog of dawn lay on the millet fields and spread in a gaudy blanket up the slopes almost to the summit of Hangshan. He would send gold to her, he said, from the rich country to which he was going, and she, with the advice of Shan Fuh, his friend, was to make of the son a great man. Then Lo Kiang set forth, on foot, and came by evening to the home of Foo Gan, sweets tradesman of Shinchau, twenty miles to the east.

At dusk, with the squalid little town at their backs breathlessly awaiting the coming of night, they sat cross-legged on mats before Foo Gan's hut while far pagoda gongs throbbed thru the dead air and peace lay heavily on the world. It was Foo Gan who broke the silence, looking at his guest thru half shut eyes as he drew smoke thru the stem of his tiny bowled pipe.

"And when you have arrived," he asked, "what then?"

"Then," replied Lo Kiang lightly, "I will grow rich and fat so that I may come back and laugh at you."

Foo Gan smiled soberly.

"In another year but one," he said, "I shall go to Shanghai. Business prospers and I have dealings there with Lung Tein, of the Le'i Ling shops. Presently, I, too, shall go to this white man's land, but I shall travel as a mandarin travels—in luxury."

"And I shall greet you in like style," returned Lo Kiang, a trifle nettled at the implication in the other's words. Foo Gan replenished his pipe with a pinch of shredded tobacco and began impressively:

"Five years ago Lu Keen departed Shanghai for the country to which you go now. He died at the hands of a mongrel tong in a strange city. Cuen Po started across the sea six years ago. He died of a plague on the ship. Then Ta Sien——"

Lo Kiang gestured impatiently.

"Those," he said contemptuously, "are of another caste. I am a Heung, and Heungs do not fail."

"But of your wife and son?"

Lo Kiang did not reply at once.

"The woman regrets not my going," he said finally. "I left her much cash. The boy I left with her and with Shan Fuh—my friend at Yungsui. The woman will care for him because he is her son—my friend because he is my son."

"And yet," said Foo Gan meditatively, "they speak little good of Shan Fuh."

"They lie. By the jade Buddha of Chingu he has sworn. I do not doubt."

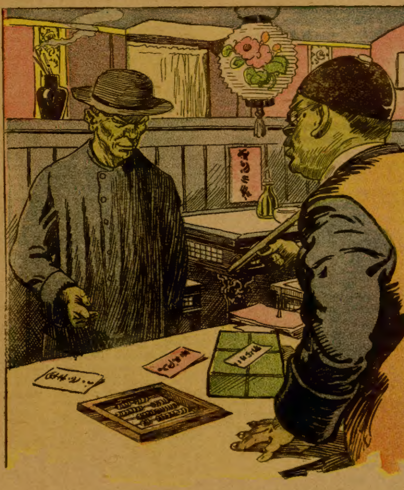
Foo Gan deftly changed the subject, and until darkness descended the two friends talked of other things.

Refreshed by ten hours of unbroken sleep, Lo Kiang continued his journey at dawn and, traveling by river grain boat, by oxen team and on foot, came at last to the coast and finally to the hold of a tramp steamer—a berth won by a week's toil on the docks.

He spent a year at Honolulu, receiving, unconsciously, a very thin veneer of cosmopolitanism. Then opportunity offered, and as a peeler of potatoes and a washer of dishes, he shipped on a freighter for San Francisco. Fifteen years in the United States taught Lo Kiang that the melting pot of the nations is a crucible that does not fuse the yellow man. Those fifteen years were ones of unremitting labor and sacrifice on the part of the father of the youth at Yungsui, who, rare letters from Shan Fuh stated, was even now in a fair way to pass the Chugen examinations to the third order of mandarin and would most certainly in time wear on his cap the red coral buttons of a provincial governor.

And now, at the close of the sixteenth year after his departure, Lo Kiang was an assistant cook in a dingy Chinese restaurant—a stoop-shouldered, drab-toned little Oriental, his short black hair plentifully shot with threads of gray, reasonably content with the unsatisfying content of hopelessness, finding a certain comfort in the sympathetic companionship of old Wo Lung, his employer. If at times Wo Lung expressed impatience at Lo Kiang's fixed determination to mail to China the greater part of his wages as soon as they were received, it was a kindly impatience and it always subsided at the employe's invariable response:

"I desire things for myself, of course. Above most things, I wish a business of my own. But my son is first, so that he may be a great man. Then will I work for myself."


"I Desire Things for Myself, of Course, but My Son Is First."

In a few months, Lo Kiang became cook, with an assistant of his own. On the night of the first pay day following his promotion, he stood in the doorway of the restaurant, fingering the three silver dollars which represented his increase in wages. In another pocket of his baggy black trousers reposed the amount of his former weekly pay. The major part of this, of course, would go to Yungsui. The three dollars represented a question involving either a visit to the gambling house of the Ten Thousand Little Monkeys or a pair of badly needed shoes for street wear. But Lo Kiang spent little time on the streets, and in the gambling house he knew that at this moment the little fan-tan beads were dancing fascinatingly on the board.

A FEW moments later, he entered the grubby, low-ceilinged basement room and found a place at a corner of the finely woven mat, with Sam Lee, the dealer, opposite, Li Chang, the laundryman, at his right and Wong Gow, the merchant, at his left. The game began slowly.

Sam Lee spilled a handful of beads from a bowl and poised a thin ivory blade above them, waiting for the others to stake their bets around the square, numbered card in the center. Chang placed a half-dollar on the figure 2 at his corner. Gow shoved forward a dollar until it covered the figure 3. Lo Kiang debated a moment between the 1 and the 4 and chose the former, staking a quarter. Sam Lee's blade darted into the beads, shoving four aside with each movement. Two of the players settled back to exchange disinterested remarks with the little circle of ochre-faced, black-clad spectators. The one who leaned forward with eyes intently endeavoring to count the fast dwindling pile of counters, was Lo Kiang. Sam Lee's quick blade shoved aside the last quartette of beads. An odd one remained.

"To Lo Kiang, the lucky," chanted Sam Lee, deftly scooping the beads into the bowl, flinging the winner a half-dollar and a quarter and possessing himself of the losings of Chang and Gow. On the next coup, Lo Kiang placed another quarter on the figure 4. When Sam Lee had divided the second handful of beads, no odd ones remained.

"To Lo Kiang again," intoned Sam Lee, smiling formally. "With the new player is the luck."

Next Lo Kiang staked a half dollar. He won. His following bet was a dollar. He won again. Puzzled by this run of luck, he reduced his bet to a quarter, and lost. In this there was an omen, and when the dividing blade again hung over the heap of quarters, he placed a dollar on the 3. He won. Then Lo Kiang ceased to be the man of a great vision. In him blazed up the fever of the game, driving all else from his mind as it wiped all expression from his face, steadying his fingers so there was no quiver as he placed his bets, filling his eyes with the cold, calculating light of the player who plays to win.

That night there was mild excitement in the gambling house of the Ten Thousand Little Monkeys. With interest swiftly heightening, the spectators crowded closer and closer as Lo Kiang's unheard-of good fortune leaped his winnings from five dollars to ten, from ten to twenty-five and from twenty-five to fifty, while with each play Sam Lee became more genial, his air of urbanity more pronounced.

After a straight quintet of ruinous coups, the dealer bethought himself of the gambling axiom that a change of play often works a change of luck, and brought from a shelf behind him a small saucer. He scooped a handful of counters, placed them on the mat and covered them with the saucer. "Your stake of fifty dollars, four to one, Lo Kiang," he challenged, "that you cannot guess the number remaining—one, two, three or four."

Wordlessly, Lo Kiang pushed the amount onto the mat.

"Count the beads," he said with Chinese indifference. "My choice is two."

Sam Lee's blade descended into the beads. When he had finished, two remained on the table. The banker's smile was positively a grin as he shoved toward Lo Kiang two hundred dollars in bank notes. Lo Kiang folded the bills into a compact wad and concealed it in his blouse. Wong Gow rose stiffly and stepped to the door.

"And now——" began Sam Lee.

"Hai!" cried Gow suddenly. "Police!"

With a convulsive twist of his body, Sam Lee jerked the lamp from its bracket behind him and puffed out the flame, plunging the room into total darkness. Someone flung open a trap door in the corner, admitting a gust of cool, musty air. There was a pell-mell rush toward the opening and a pell-mell tumbling down the steep stairs. Lo Kiang was the last to descend. The others already had departed the cellar. Cautiously he climbed the outside stairs and pushed up the slanting door. The alley was quiet. He emerged, lowering the door silently. Something dark took indistinct form from a dense shadow and a hand fell on his shoulder. Lo Kiang squealed in affright and with a purely involuntary jerk of his body shook off the grasp.

"Quiet!" cautioned a low voice. "It is I—Gow."

"But the police——" quavered Lo Kiang.

A chuckle came thru the dusk.

"There were no police," said Gow. "I wished you to keep what you had won, so I ended the game."

"But for what reason——"

"In my store," interrupted Gow, "is a better place to talk."

THE merchant led Lo Kiang down the alley to a door set between two outjutting brick chimneys. Wong Gow turned the key and preceded the other thru the opening. Inside, the merchant struck a match and applied the flame to the wick of a large and ornately flowered lamp. In the light which diffused a yellow glow over a room filled to its utmost capacity with counters, dusty showcases and high stacks of Chinese merchandise in jars and bottles and red tin boxes, Gow regarded Lo Kiang smilingly.

"You must have burned many sticks before your joss of fortune tonight, Lo Kiang," observed Gow.

Lo Kiang sank limply into a chair. The heat of the game had left him, and he was once more the meek and apologetic cook of Wo Lung's cafe.

"For that matter," went on Gow, "we are both fortunate. There is a certain matter that can be discussed." He produced pipes and tobacco. "You won, I believe, two hundred dollars?"

As if for the first time realizing his luck, Lo Kiang moved his hand to his blouse front and nodded dazedly.

Gow reflectively passed a hand over his shaven poll, struggling between a racial instinct to lead up to his object by an elaborate system of digressions and a desire to broach the subject at once. Finally he said:

"I will be very frank with you, Lo Kiang. It is best in matters of this kind. This——" he waved his hand to indicate the store—"is a prosperous business. For some time I have been searching for a partner with sufficient capital to enlarge it—to make it the largest store in the whole district. I believe I have found such a partner."

The speaker sat back to observe the effect of his words, but found Lo Kiang's eyes directed at the floor.

Lo Kiang was silent for a long time.

"Fortune," he said finally, "is good. I have within my reach tonight the realization of a great hope. It is not for myself that I desire prosperity. There is another matter."

"Of course," said Gow, "until our customers increase in proportion to our added improvements, profits will not be large. But in six months your share should be considerably more than you earn now, Lo Kiang."

Lo Kiang was prompted to accept at once, but Chinese caution asserted itself.

"Naturally, the matter requires thought," he said, rising from his chair. "I will have an answer if you will call tomorrow. At 3 o'clock?"

"At 3 o'clock," agreed Wong Gow, well satisfied.

Lo Kiang's decision was made before he reached his cot. He would accept

(Continued on Page 16.)

In Which the Identities of Some Lumber Crooks Come to Light.

WOODEN SPOIL

By H. M. Egbert

Told in the Preceding Installment

The first man Hilary noticed at the new dance hall was Louis Duval, uncorking a bottle of gin. Hilary seized the bottle from his hand and dashed it to the floor. He then swept a whole row of bottles from their shelf, smashed glasses and upset several barrels. He was now attacked by infuriated lumbermen. After flooring several of them, Hilary took after the fleeing proprietor and was lured into a stable, within which Simeon Duval, Leblanc and Black Pierre were crouching. Hilary was forced to defend himself against all four men, and it was a terrific conflict. When it was over Hilary lay motionless on the floor of the shanty.

Lafe Connell and Madeleine Rosny were driven to St. Boniface by Father Lucien. They rescued Hilary from the stable, none of the excited lumbermen gathered about its entrance offering any interference. All were too horrified by the young man's bloody appearance. It was plain that he was badly injured. If some humane and peaceful villagers had not interfered he would have been cut to pieces by Black Pierre.

Madeleine decided to have Hilary removed to the Rosny chateau, which was done. Her father's greeting was friendly. Hilary's recovery was speedy. Meanwhile love had budded and blossomed, each for the other. As Hilary was about to speak to her father about the matter a horse and buggy stopped at the chateau. In a moment Edouard Brousseau was at the door.

This story began in No. 31, the Ledger for August 5. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SEIGNEUR DECIDES.

"COME in, Madeleine," said the Seigneur, turning to her. "You will excuse us, I am sure Monsieur Askew," he added to Hilary.

"No!" shouted Brousseau. "It will be just as well that your friend the American shall understand the situation. I am a plain man, and I speak without concealment to any one who cares to listen. So you have been implicating me in your troubles with your men, eh, Monsieur Askew? Because one of the workmen whom you have assaulted at various times draws a knife on you and cuts you slightly, while half unconscious from your blows, you allege a plot on my part to murder you?"

Without answering him, Hilary turned to the Seigneur. "If Monsieur Brousseau's business is with me, no doubt you and Mademoiselle Rosny will excuse us," he said.

"It ain't with you," retorted Brousseau, scowling. "I was just telling you my opinion of you, the same as I'd tell any man, no matter who he was. It's with you, Rosny," he continued, addressing the Seigneur again. "And it ain't private. Private? Diable, it's too public! It's made me the laughing-stock of St. Boniface, and Ste. Marie too. Every one's seen Mademoiselle Rosny riding and driving with me. Now she says she won't have any more to do with me. Why? I kept it quiet as long as I thought it was just a whim, but it seems it ain't. Why? Have I changed? Ain't I the man I always was? When I make a bargain I stick to it."

"Monsieur Brousseau," protested the Seigneur, "we Rosnys do not break our pledges. Whatever my daughter has contracted to do will be done. But this is hardly the occasion, or the manner——"

"I know it ain't," said Brousseau, subsiding; and Hilary felt Madeleine's hand, which had gripped his arm tightly to restrain him, relax its tension. "Maybe I forgot myself. I don't want to be anything but a gentleman in the presence of ladies, but it's hard, Monsieur Rosny, when everything's as good as settled, to have it put back in the melting-pot. Meaning you, Monsieur Askew!" he continued, sneering into Hilary's face. "That's where you come into this business. When you were brought here and said to be dying, which must have been a lie, I kept quiet. But when people in St. Boniface began to talk about Mademoiselle here having thrown me over for him"—he was addressing the Seigneur again—"it's more than flesh and blood can stand."

The Seigneur looked pitifully distressed. His face, flushed with resentment at Brousseau's insolence, was moulded into impotence by conflicting impulses. He stepped forward.

"I am sure, gentlemen, that there exists no cause for disagreement," he said. "Monsieur Askew is entirely guiltless of what you suggest. Please remember, Monsieur Brousseau, that he is my guest. Madeleine, my dear, I suggest that you and Edouard have a quiet talk together. I know that you hold your word as sacred as we Rosnys have always held our word."

Madeleine was as pale as death, but she stood forward bravely. "I never pledged my word to you, Monsieur Brousseau," she said in a low tone. "You know it. You asked me to be your wife and I refused. You took a good deal for granted. You took me for granted. You made a mistake. When you treacherously conspired to cut Monsieur Askew's boom, when you planned his death, you lost whatever chance you had ever had. I shall never marry you."

Brousseau staggered backward, came up against the table, and stood staring at her in incredulity, in fear, in fury, his own face whiter than hers. The Seigneur sat down in his chair heavily, seeming to collapse there. He looked about him in bewilderment, as if he did not trust his hearing.

Then Brousseau flung his fear aside and laughed, and it was the most evil laugh that Hilary had ever heard. He addressed Rosny; and as he spoke he continued to advance toward him, until he was shaking his fist in the old Seigneur's face.

"I understand now," he sneered. "This fine American has been at work in this matter. It is he who has been spreading these lying stories about me. I don't blame your daughter, Rosny. A woman is easily influenced by a new face. So's a man for that matter.

"I don't blame her. I expect my wife to be true to me after we're married—no more and no less. I'll take care of the love. I ain't a hard man. I can make allowances for human nature. I expect to mould her and to keep watch over her. Maybe she'd do the same with me.

"But this is different, Rosny," he shouted furiously. "He's been telling her lies about me. He came up here and started in to crush me. He wants to drive me out of Ste. Marie. By God, I'm not the man to allow that, Rosny! You know what I mean. I'll deal with him when the time comes. I'll speak to him again presently. I'm speaking to you now. Is she going to marry me or ain't she? You know what it's going to cost you if she goes back on her word."

Rosny groped his way to his feet. The old duelist, who in his younger days would fight at the drop of the hat, had been brought pitiably low, but not so low as Brousseau thought. His face was aflame. He opened his mouth, stuttered, and pointed toward the door.

"You can go. You can go, Monsieur Brousseau," he stammered. "Custom—custom and courtesy forbid—insult a guest—go before I forget myself."

"I'll go, then," shouted Brousseau, and moved toward the door. "You've had your chance. Once more, is she willing to be reasonable? I keep my word, in friendship or enmity. Will she keep hers? If so, I'll forget. I'll call it a whim. I——"

"No, I shall never be your wife," said Madeleine quietly.

Brousseau turned upon Hilary. "Some day I'll get you, you lying dog!" he swore, and raised his hand threateningly.

Madeleine darted between them. "You coward!" she cried. "You coward, to theaten a wounded man, whom you dare not look in the face in anger when he is well!"

Brousseau shrugged his shoulders and turned toward the door. The malignant smile upon his face seemed frozen there, giving him the aspect of a satyr's mask. Hilary came forward and tried to draw Madeleine aside, but she still confronted Brousseau with blazing eyes. But it was the Seigneur's look of agony and shame that was the most vivid part of the picture.

ROSNY stood like a statue beside the door, watching Brousseau make his way along the corridor toward the entrance. Hilary put his arms about Madeleine, supporting her. Her courage was gone, and she was weeping uncontrollably.

The front door slammed, and Rosny turned back into the room. He watched Hilary and his daughter with an inscrutable face. He waited till she had released herself and stood up, facing him, at Hilary's side. Then he burst out in passionate words.

"It is all gone!" he cried. "Everything—home, lands, inheritance. And it is well gone. The Rosny seigniory is nearly everything to me, but you are more, Madeleine. Our name means little enough now, but it shall never become allied with that of the scoundrel who has robbed me of everything else."

He raised his clenched fist and shook it in the air with a passionately dramatic gesture, as if to register his vow. His face was strangely mottled with red and white, and he seemed to have aged ten years within ten minutes.

"I offer you my humblest regrets for what has occurred this morning, Monsieur," he said to Hilary. "There was a time when I should have exacted personal requittal. Now, alas, I cannot! I can only bear the blame. But as for you, Monsieur, you who came here in an evil day to cut my trees, you who are my guest, what have you to say who have brought this ruin upon me?"

Madeleine started forward as if to protest, but he silenced her with a gesture of his open hand.

"I ask you what you have to say, Monsieur," he repeated. "I ask you how you justify yourself, you who are a guest in my home and have presumed upon that fact to turn my daughter from me?"

"I love her," answered Hilary simply.

The words seemed to sting Rosny to the quick. "You are presumptuous, Monsieur!" he cried. "Perhaps you, too, thought that the heiress went with the land—or with the trees?"

Madeleine cried out and laid her hands appealingly upon her father's arm; he did not repulse her, but continued speaking as if he were not conscious of her presence.

"She shall never be your wife. You have done harm enough here, Monsieur. When you are well my caleche is at your disposition, to take you back to your mill. And henceforward, unless you claim the last inch of your legal rights, to cut about the Chateau—which I do not think you will," he added with reluctant justice—"let us see you no more."

"You are unjust!" cried Madeleine. "We love each other. There exists no reason why we should not love. Monsieur Askew is as good as any man."

"An American!" cried Rosny hotly. "This is not his country, and our ways are not his. For we do not leave those who have allied themselves with us at the mercy of the conqueror, and secure our own selfish liberty by such doings."

"Monsieur Askew is not responsible for dead and gone history!" cried Madeleine.

"He is not one of us," retorted Rosny stubbornly.

"Yet you were not too proud to pledge me to that other man, who is not one of us either, except by remote race. Against my will. Without my knowledge."

"Enough!" cried Rosny hotly. "It is all past!"

"The memory is not past. Yes, you pledged me to him and placed the first links of the chain about my neck, hoping that the understanding, to which I was no party, would gradually enmesh me, capture me, that I should become his wife and save your land for you."

The Seigneur turned on her a look in which humiliation struggled with anger. He seemed stupefied by her outburst. Hilary interposed.

"Monsieur [illegible] I love Madeleine and I intend to marry her," he said calmly. "But I realize your feelings, and I understand how great a shock this has been. You invited me to depart when I am well. I am well enough to depart now. But I shall return to see her and to plead our cause frankly with you. There exists now no reason, no valid reason——"

"You shall never come here!" thundered the Seigneur, losing all self-control. "The day when I sold your uncle the timber rights over my land was the most evil day of my life. Go—if you are well, go! My caleche is ready for you. Go, Monsieur, in God's name, and trouble me no longer!"

He raised his voice and shouted, "Robitaille! Robitaille!"

From some place in the recesses of the chateau a feeble, quavering cry answered him. And thru the doorway Hilary saw the ancient serving man come shuffling to obey his master.

And, as he looked at him, his resentment died. The two old men—Rosny in his brown swallow-tails and the tight trousers strapped under his boots, Robitaille, in the faded butler's uniform, seemed playing a part, acting in some scene laid in the long past. Or, rather, they were the past. They had no place in the modern world, those ancient figures in their ancient dress, and with their ancient ways. They cumbered the stage of life, lingering there when their exits were long overdue. They were unreal as phantom figures glimpsed in a wild dream. Pity for the two futile old men choked Hilary's throat. He could feel nothing but that as he watched Robitaille come to the door, bobbing and shuffling, with stiffened joints that made him more like a marionette.

But he felt, too, the urgency of taking Madeleine away, into a world of reality, before the same dream infected her.

SHE came up to Hilary softly and placed her fingers on his arm, looking into his face wistfully.

"You must go, dear, and not try to convince him now," she said. "It has been a terrible blow to him. He looks so ill. I am afraid for him. He is not capable of seeing things properly now. I shall come to you tomorrow and tell you——"

"Robitaille," said the Seigneur, "Monsieur Askew has decided, much to my grief, to leave this afternoon. You will have the goodness to pack his things and to prepare the caleche for him. You will drive him to the mill."

The old man muttered acquiescence and shuffled away. Hilary turned toward Rosny. Frankly he held out his hand. The action might have been ill-timed, but it responded to his deep-seated feeling. But Rosny did not seem to see the gesture. He stood staring across the room, one hand clutching his spreading collar, and his face, which had been white and red was purple.

Hilary turned away. He had reached the door when he heard a sound as if Rosny was clearing his throat. Then Madeleine cried out in fear. Hilary turned, to see Rosny sit heavily down in his chair. His eyes closed, his arms drooped over the sides; his head fell on his breast.

Hilary ran to him. He was unconscious, and breathing heavily. Hilary tried to raise him, to carry him to the sofa, but the man seemed made of iron [illegible] he lay, a dead weight, in Hilary's arms.

At Madeleine's cry old Robitaille had turned too, and he came shuffling back. When he perceived his master lying in the chair he began to utter wild, whimpering cries. He panted up to him, bent over him, kneeled, took his hands in his.

"His father went that way," he mumbled. "I always knew he'd go like that. Forty-five years I've served him. Forty-five years. I always knew——"

"Help me to get him into the next room, to bed," said Hilary.

Robitaille did not understand, but he aided Hilary to raise his master, and together they half dragged and half carried him into the drawing-room and laid him on Hilary's bed.

Madeleine kneeled beside him in despair, her hands clasped, her eyes strained on his face. Hilary was loosening his collar and the upper part of his clothing. Robitaille had shuffled out.

"I have killed him!" cried the girl, in pathetic grief. "I have killed him!"

Hilary could do nothing. She seemed distraught, and the Seigneur lay like a fallen tree. His rattling breaths blended with the girl's sobs; and there was no other sound in the room.

But soon Robitaille came shuffling back. In one hand he carried a basin, in the other a little rusty knife. A towel was on his arm. He muttered something to Madeleine, who rose from her knees and looked at Hilary with a brave effort at self-composure. "He wants to bleed him," she said. "He says that when he was a young man they used to bleed such cases and they got well. He says it is the only chance."

Hilary, feeling helpless, took the lancet from the old servant's fingers and looked at the rusty edge.

"I've heard of bleeding in such cases," he said. "Well—perhaps it won't hurt him. But we must boil the instrument. [illegible] can you get some hot water?"

The girl hurried to obey. She left the room and came back with a little alcohol stove and a pan of water. Hilary, having scraped the rust from the blade, watched her in admiration at her self-possession as she went to and fro, intent upon her task. While the water was boiling the two men managed to get Rosny to bed.

When the water was boiled Hilary sterilized the lancet, Robitaille looking on without comprehension. But his shaking fingers grew firm as he performed the little operation. When it was over and the arm bandaged a slight improvement in Rosny's condition seemed already manifest.

BARREN HEARTS

Oh, that's a barren heart, indeed,
Barren beyond supposing,
That has no blooming garden spot
For memory's disclosing,
Wherein a maid stands all alone;
And every breeze that blows is
Bestowing kisses on the cheeks
Of her among the roses.

A barren, barren lonely heart,
Which calls, with no replying,
For memories of a sweet voice
When dying, dying, dying,
The weary day sinks to its rest,
And all a golden haze is,
A memory of a laughing elf
Knee-deep among the daisies.

Oh, who can guess the barrenness,
The barrenness past knowing,
Of him whose youth held never lass
Whose eyes with stars were vieing
As she leaned on an old-time gate
Where pink peach blooms were flying?

Oh, maids among the peach blooms
One of old age's ways is
To dream of you rose garden girls
And girls among the daisies;
There's not a memory of youth
Worth age's thought to win it,
But what a laughing, golden-haired
Sweet-hearted girl is in it.

—Judd Mortimer Lewis.

They sat beside him all thru the day, while the heavy breathing gradually grew lighter, and the stupor seemed to be passing into sleep. Toward evening Rosny opened his eyes for a moment and looked about him. There was no doubt now that the worst of the seizure was over.

"I should like to stay, if I can be of help," said Hilary.

He spoke doubtfully, for he felt that he could do little. And in view of Rosny's illness, news of which would soon be circulating thru St. Boniface, carried by the first tradesman who might call at the chateau, he was anxious lest his remaining there might be the cause for gossip.

"I think you had better go, dear, if you are strong enough," said Madeleine. "You will be very careful of yourself, and make your friend, Mr. Connell, take care of you? And not go to work in the woods till you are strong?"

She put her arms about his neck. "And I love you with all my heart," she whispered, as she kissed him.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOPES AND PLANS.

HILARY awoke next morning feeling almost as fit as before his injury. He had just managed to get into his clothes when the boy from the post-office brought him a note from Madeleine, hastily scribbed an hour before. She wrote that her father had slept thru the night and was now conscious. The stroke had been a very slight one; he was partly paralyzed on one side, but he could speak, tho he seemed still drowsy and unaware of his condition. He seemed to have no remembrance of the events of the preceding day.

> "So there is nothing more that you can do now," she wrote. "And until my father is well I think it would be better for you not to come here, because the sight of you might upset him and retard his recovery. I shall come to you as soon as I can leave him. Meanwhile trust in my love. MADELEINE."

Lafe was on hand before Hilary had finished his breakfast. He was overjoyed to see him back. Everything was going well, he said. Dupont was back from Quebec, and the two schooners were waiting for another load, which was going thru the mill. He informed Hilary that Baptiste had got a job as captain of the second ship.

"But it's all right," he said. "I know Baptiste, and I don't believe there'll be any trouble on account of that. He's loyal, that little chap is. He was loyal to you. When he didn't feel that way he left you. And now he'll do his best for Dupont."

Hilary agreed with Lafe. Dupont was independent, and Baptiste was not likely to have taken his new job out of any desire for revenge. The probability was that he was anxious to be near Marie.

There was something more that Lafe had on his mind. Hilary was conscious of his hesitation; at last he blurted it out as they went into the office together.

"D'you see anything different about your desk?" he asked.

Hilary looked at it. "No—yes, the key's different," he answered. He looked at Lafe questioningly.

"It was bust open a week ago," said Lafe. "Ransacked from top to bottom. Likewise your bedroom. And—nothing taken, so far as I can see. Leastwise, your gold watch was left in your vest pocket, and eighty cents on the dressing table. Look for yourself, Mr. Askew."

Hilary unlocked the desk and went thru it hastily. Lafe had slightly changed the position of the papers, but, so far as Hilary could see, everything was there.

"What do you make of it?" he asked.

"There are only two men might have had keys," answered Lafe slowly. "One of 'em's gone."

"Morris?"

"He'd left the day before this happened."

"Then—"

Lafe nodded at the unspoken question. "Yes, sir, but why?" he asked. "I've tried to think it over. It must be that he wanted some map or papers mighty badly. And it might be connected with Morris' leaving him in anger."

"It can't be that map of the seigniory," said Hilary, and he picked it up from a drawer.

They thought over the problem. It was evident that Brousseau had broken into the office, probably with a duplicate set of keys; but what he wanted was an insoluble mystery.

"Perhaps he wished to know how I stood financially," suggested Hilary. "I hope the information satisfied him. Anyway, we'll get a new lock on the door, Connell."

"It's done," said Lafe.

They turned their thoughts to other matters. "How are the cutting prospects?" Hilary asked.

"The men are putting in some hard licks," said Lafe. "But there ain't enough timber along the banks to hold out till snow. I guess we'll have a few weeks of idleness after all, sir."

"Then we can't hold out."

"I've been thinking," said Lafe. "And I've been calculating. If we was to lay off for [illegible] months and stop the mill and all wages for November and December, it might be possible——"

"Out of the question. It wouldn't be fair on the men. They could have got winter jobs on the south shore. It would be fatal to our credit, too. No, Lafe, I've been thinking too. How about the island? It looks pretty densely wooded."

"But it ain't on our limits," said Lafe. "It's Government land."

"Who told you so?"

"Why, everybody knows that. Mr. Morris said so."

"He was lying, then."

"But it ain't on the map. Why would Morris want to——?"

"I don't know what his reason was, Lafe, but it was a crooked one, depend on it. I saw it marked into the Rosny seigniory when I was in Quebec, and the Province doesn't give its own land away by mistake. Anyway, there's the record. Besides, I had it from Mademoiselle Rosny herself.

"Now here's my idea. There ought to be deep water round it, because it's just on the sea-channel, and if Dupont could run his ship in close, or even if we have to construct barges, why couldn't we cut alongshore and load up with some good timber?"

"We'd want a derrick."

"Half a dozen. The cost is trifling. And even if it doesn't pay well, it might enable us to keep things running till snow falls."

Lafe pondered. "Morris said it was all fir," he answered. "He used to go over there when old Jacques was setting his traps for foxes, and shoot hares. But maybe Morris was lying. You can't tell, Mr. Askew. Brousseau might have wanted you not to know about the island. Maybe there is good timber there. Maybe—"

"Brousseau isn't after timber," said Hilary. "I wish I knew what he is after. Anyway, suppose we borrow MacPherson's boat and explore the place."

Lafe assented, and no more was said on the subject. Two days passed. Hilary was getting ready for his first drive into the woods when he saw Madeleine Rosny driving toward his office.

It was hard to avoid embracing, even under the eyes of the loafers outside the store hard by. Hilary had to content himself with a long pressure of the little hand that lay snugly inside his own.

"He is very much better," said Madeleine. "He is paralyzed a little; but he can walk with help. I have telephoned the doctor in Quebec, and he says that if he is kept quiet and not allowed to distress himself in any way he may make a complete recovery. Fortunately the stroke was on the left side of the body, and so his speech is not affected. So you see, dear, you must not come to the Chateau yet."

"But when December comes—" he began, with a touch of fear.

"Not till the end of the month, Hilary. And by then—who knows what may have happened. We will talk it over together. If there is no other way, at least you know——"

"That I shall not have to wait after the year ends," he said happily. "You have not seen—" he continued.

"Yes," answered Madeleine in a low tone. "He met me this morning. He had driven in along the new road, and he was waiting for me. He seemed to have sensed that I was going out. He—begged, Hilary. I told him it was impossible. Then he was angry. He threatened you."

"He has threatened me before," said Hilary scornfully. "But his threats don't come true."

"You will be very watchful, dear? And you won't fight?"

"Except in self-defense? Yes, I promise you that."

"I must go back now. I had to come to you, if only for these few minutes, Hilary."

"And I shall come to you soon," he said. "Next month we must face our problem."

He helped her into the rig, and felt a wild desire to leap in beside her and drive with her—anywhere, as long as they might be together. He watched her drive away till she had crossed the bridge. Then he went back to see to the harnessing of his horse.

On the preceding night a flurry of snow had whitened the upper heights of the Laurentians; there were signs of an early winter in the bare birches, the whitening of the hare's coats, and the wind that blew steadily from the northeast. That day Lafe came to Hilary gleefully, with the news that a fine growth of swamp spruce had been discovered along a creek almost at the northern limits of the seigniory. This drove the thought of the island temporarily out of Hilary's head. The days passed into weeks, and now winter showed signs of setting in in earnest, and the river cutting seemed likely to last until the snows. There were several inches of snowfall in the woods already by the beginning of November, and a thin film of ice was on the lakes. They took to snowshoes. Never had Hilary been more hopeful.

"We'll win out, Lafe," he said.

Lafe, cautious as he was, was disposed to agree with him. Brousseau was giving no more trouble either to him or to Madeleine. He had altogether abandoned his pretense of working his own limits, which would, in fact, have been imp[illegible] [illegible] Hilary's cancellation of the Hill lease. Brousseau had not acknowledged the letter; he had been to Quebec, and was back at Ste. Marie, apparently doing little. Conditions there had been bad thruout the early autumn months; but now the lumbermen had left the camps, and Simeon's place was reported closed, or, at least, doing only the trivial business common to all the north shore hotels and isolated farm houses. The dance halls were closed, and the women had mostly dispersed.

Hilary heard from Madeleine almost daily, but they seldom met. Once or twice they made an appointment, but both hated the thought of clandestinity, and Hilary realised the need of concentrating all his thoughts upon his work. Dupont had made three more voyages, and Baptiste, who kept out of sight, had given complete satisfaction. The lumber had brought unexpectedly good prices, and there was now a probability that before navigation closed Hilary would be in a position to carry on till spring. When the winter cutting began, and there was more leisure, Hilary meant to fight out the issue with Rosny. The old man was still partly paralysed, and he had made no reference of any kind to what had occurred, but his mind was quite clear, and, Madeleine thought, his memory.

Toward the middle of the month the newly discovered spruce supply had all been lumbered. Success seemed now almost assured. Dupont was getting ready to make his last voyage. The snow was not yet deep enough for the teams to be sent into the woods, and Hilary turned his thoughts once more to the island, more from eagerness to explore that part of his domain than from any thought of cutting there that winter.

He was in his office one day when there came a tap at the door, and, to his astonishment, in walked Louis Duval.

The little liquor-seller approached him in an ingratiating manner. "Monsieur Askew," he said, "I am very sorry for that night. I have been away. Now I come back, and Monsieur Tessier tells me that you forgive. Now I come to thank you for doing this thing."

"That's all right, Louis," said Hilary. "You are forgiven, as long as you keep out of that trade of yours. It's a bad business when it's run in the Ste. Marie way."

Louis Duval sniffed contemptuously. "I'm out," he announced. "And Simeon's out. And he say he hope you don't bear ill-feeling. Them fellows never pay us a cent. An' I got my head busted open too," he added reflectively.

Hilary sprang to his feet and took the little man by the arms. "Do you mean to tell me Brousseau offered you money to open a saloon in St. Boniface?" he asked.

"Sure he did. He said if I open he set me up, an' he pay me two hundred dollar more if those fellows kill you."

"Good Lord! Is that all I'm worth?" asked Hilary.

"O it ain't that," answered Louis. "I guess you're worth more than that much. But Pierre an' Leblanc, they crazy to kill you, because you thrash Pierre an' you take away Leblanc's business an' his family starve. Maybe he pay them, too; maybe they pay him to let them. I don' know. But Pierre an' Leblanc swear they get you yet. An' Simeon's out of the game."

"[illegible] willing to [illegible] your name [illegible] paper?" [illegible] Hilary [illegible] to that o[illegible]

Louis grinned uneasily. "I guess Pierre an' Leblanc get me if I did," he said. "You get them fellows first."

"Where are they?"

Louis shrugged his shoulders. "I don' know," he answered. "I guess they gone to the south shore for the winter. An' I want to tell you something, Monsieur Askew, if you won' bust my head open again."

"Your head's quite safe, Louis. What is it?"

"That d—n Brosseau promise me two hundred for the other job an' only pay me fifty."

"What other job?"

"For to get them fellows to saw your boom, Monsieur."

"So it was sawed, was it?" demanded Hilary furiously.

"Yes, Monsieur. I get three fellows from the south shore, an' I fell into the water an' got rheumatiz, an' pay ten dollars for medicines, an' that d—n Brousseau—"

"Louis, will you sign your name to that?"

"O sure, if you get them fellows an' Brousseau first," replied the little man, edging toward the door.

Louis Duval's confession ought to put the "big stick" in Hilary's hands, and thus bring the scheming Brousseau into his net. British justice knows no favorites, and if Brousseau's guilt can be established in a court of law, then the American's arch enemy will be well disposed of. But there's many a slip in the affairs of men and, who knows what new mischief will emanate from Brousseau's evil mind? Again, is Louis Duval's alleged reformation something to be accepted in good faith? For the the eighth installment of this fine story get next week's Ledger.

Whetting the Appetite—No. 6

A Series of Ten Instructive Pictures

Candle Salad Desert

THE dish illustrated may be used as a salad course, or it may be placed at the end of the menu and be used for dessert. It is a dish that can be made in a hurry should unexpected company come in, and one that may be used at most any time of the year, for both bananas and oranges may be bought and kept on hand any season, whether summer or winter.

3 bananas 1 stalk celery
6 cherries French dressing
3 oranges

Remove the skins from the bananas and cut each in half crosswise. Place a slice of orange about three-fourths of an inch in thickness on a small salad plate or a dessert plate, and on the center of the orange put the cut end of a half of a banana. This brings the point of the banana up, making the candle, with the orange as the candle holder. A small piece is cut from the pointed end of the banana so that the cherry may rest on it without falling off. A little mayonnaise dressing may be put on the pointed end of the banana before the cherry is put on to help make it stay on and also to make it even more effective as representing the flame of the candle. With the point, of a sharp knife the sections of the slice of orange are cut but they are left in place. This makes it easier to eat the orange part of the dish. The orange may be turned down on its side and eaten in this manner. Over the orange is poured French dressing. The handle of the candle holder is a thin piece of celery inserted in the side of the orange.

French Dressing.

2 tablespoons vinegar.
¼ teaspoon salt.
4 tablespoons vegetable oil.
Speck of pepper.

Put all ingredients into bowl and beat together well.

In Which America Gets Sailing Instructions for Meeting Him Who Held

The World at His Mercy

By John T. Tiboni

The Story From the Beginning—Condensed for the Ledger's New Readers

When in October, year 1999 A. D., all the wireless stations in North, South and Central America received a mysterious call from out the ethereal space, addressed to the Presidents and Citizens of all Republics in those countries, and purporting to come from an unknown person who signed himself "M. R.," and who claimed himself "King of the World," ruler of all nations of the earth, the message naturally created a tremendous sensation, even tho at first it was considered a huge international joke.

It appeared from the message that this unknown and mysterious "M. R." was about to form the "World's Royal Treasury." He demanded one hundred millions in gold from the United States and its dependencies, and twenty-five millions gold from each of the other republics, these sums to be paid before midnight of the last day of each and every future year, to apply as the following year's tax, as a price of each republic's prosperity and peace. Failure to pay would bring consequential punishment for all—"terrible, irresistible and mysterious." The demand allowed three months in which to assemble the huge sums in gold coin.

The various governments adopted an attitude of watchful waiting for further developments, while the people of each republic were about evenly divided between scoffers and alarmists. Two weeks later came a second warning from the mysterious "M. R." The governments must declare their intentions within forty-eight hours, or suffer the consequences.

On the last stroke of the fateful hour—which was on Hallowe'en night—all electric-generating plants—in fact, all electrically operated or propelled things in all American republics—suddenly failed to function. All were instantly silent and "dead," including all electric lights. Even mighty Niagara and the turbulent St. Lawrence rapids were rendered impotent to produce power or light. Just twenty-four hours later the electricity returned. Martian Ray, as he now disclosed himself, had demonstrated his mysterious power. He so informed the world, in a lengthy and convincing wireless message from some place unknown.

On the morning of September second, about twelve hours after the departure of the phenomenon, terribly destructive storms began to rage over land and sea, within the same territory affected by the strange lapse of electricity. There were wrecks at sea, destructive tidal waves upon the seacoasts, with enormous losses of life and property.

After the cessation of the storms a celebrated astronomer branded the self-styled "king of the world" as an impostor and humbug. The storms were the direct effects, or results, of natural astronomical events. An undiscovered comet was undoubtedly approaching the earth.

Two weeks later Martian Ray wirelessed his sailing orders to the several republics. An American ship must leave New York harbor on November 25th, with the U. S. gold aboard, and after collecting the gold of the other republics steam out of Buenos Aires with all of the collected gold in her hold and deliver it to Martian Ray's agent, commander of his submarine, at a certain location in the South Atlantic waters, before midnight of December 31st. Fail not, or suffer consequences even far more horrible than anything they had experienced heretofore!

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This story began in No. 35, the Ledger for Sept. 2. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CRUISE OF THE "STARLAND."

WELL, to all appearances Martian Ray was still "on deck," active and commanding and domineering. Apparently he had now taken it for granted that we were going to give in to his wishes and present him with the gold. Acting under that supposition, evidently, he had now sent us sailing orders. That is, however, only to a certain extent. The final port of call, or final destination of the good ship Starland was still a mystery. Once ready to steam out of Buenos Aires to what port or point on the broad waters of the seven seas would she be ordered to by this Martian Ray person? Time alone would show.

According to his orders the Starland must be ready to steam out of the port of New York by noon of Nov. 25th, just ten days away. There was no time to lose if she would be in readiness to steam off on scheduled time.

Since all of the governments concerned had now definitely decided to meet Martian Ray's demand there was nothing else to be done at present other than see to it that his last instructions were carried out to the letter.

As the first step in the work of carrying out Martian Ray's orders, pertaining to the transporting to him of the gold, was to be taken on United States territory everything in connection thereof was left entirely in the hands of the various departments of state under which the different tasks officially came.

To the War and Navy departments were alloted the tasks of commandeering and convoying the Starland.

To the Treasury and Secret Service departments were assigned the work of supplying the gold and seeing that it was safely got aboard and stowed away in the strong-room of the commandeered Starland.

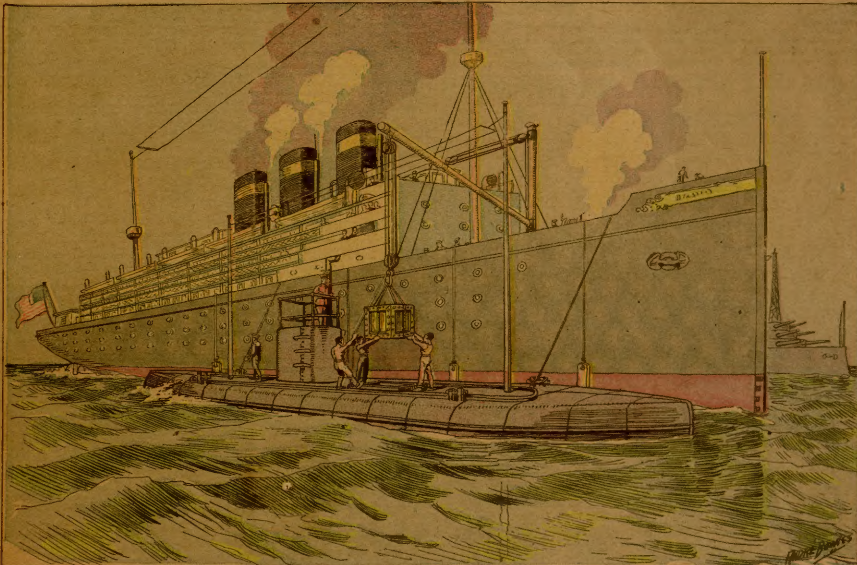
The week preceding the 25th was a very busy one for each of these departments. But the faithful and conjunctive labor of the officials of these departments found noon of the 25th with everything accomplished according to Martian Ray's schedule.

The good ship Starland with its golden cargo of one hundred million American dollars in gold within her heavily-armed and guarded strong-room was ready to up anchor and steam away on her long voyage to—where? Buenos Aires, yes, of course; but to where after finally leaving that port?

That fifty-thousand-ton, oil-burning, unsinkable liner, Starland, was about to steam away on her voyage of mercy and rescue to an unknown and mysterious destination. Yes, a voyage of rescue is correct. Was not her mission one of rescue? Wasn't her ultimate object that of rescuing mankind from impending disaster and annihilation at the merciless and already blood-stained hands of Martian Ray, by taking her golden cargo to him as full payment for at least one year's continued peace, quiet, harmony and happiness—and the very right to live? Which things this Martian Ray would deprive us of in default of paying him with gold to the stipulated amount—millions upon millions, annually.

With everything aboard shipshape, and with a full stock of provisions for her crew, and with her tanks filled to capacity with first-grade fuel-oil, the treasure-ship Starland rode at anchor a short way out in the inner harbor of New York near the noon hour of the epoch-making date of November 25th, 1999. She but waited the stroke of 12 o'clock, as per sailing order from the Navy Department, under whose orders she was under, to steam away on her long, long voyage.

A cloud of jet-black smoke was pouring from each of her three large funnels



The Boxes Containing the Gold Were Taken Aboard and Then Lowered Down the Hatchway.

and a white feather of steam issued from her safety-valve pipe outlets, denoting a full head of 300 pounds steam pressure in her boilers.

Within her engine-rooms the powerful steam-turbines and giant electric generators, which were in direct connection with the turbines, were already whirling at full speed and electric energy of hundreds of volts were "on tap" ready to be switched on to the powerful propelling motors as soon as the signal "Slow ahead" should come from the navigating bridge, which signal was due in a few minutes.

The Starland was an electric-driven ship, as were nearly all ships at this time. The electricity, however, was generated on board. But within a short time it was expected that "wireless power transmission" would be invented or discovered, when electricity from some land water-power station would supply the propelling "juice."

When that happy day came it would also bring the "funnelless," "smokeless" and "steamless" ship and the term "electric-driven ship" really be made applicable and effective in every sense.

A short distance off floated, in majestic grandeur, the imposing, awe-inspiring and powerful U. S. superdreadnaught Washington, the Starland's "watch dog," also with a full head of steam and electric energy ready to depart on the stroke of 12 o'clock.

Punctually on the stroke of noon the massive anchor chains on those two ships started hauling in their ponderous anchors. Simultaneously signals of "slow ahead" were being received from the bridge by the engineers down in the engine-rooms.

Then, with their anchors already "housed," the powerful propellers—four to each ship—began to churn the water at their sterns. Presently, as the ships gained headway, in answer to the thrusts of their mighty propellers, and almost without warning, a veritable pandemonium of noise broke out both afloat and ashore.

Every steam whistle afloat, and every factory or other whistle ashore, and church bells, too, began shrieking out and pealing forth a loud and merry farewell and God-speed to the two departing ships—liner and man-o'-war. The outgoing ships loudly answered with their whistles the many salutes and farewells of their sister ships in the harbor.

Soon the signals to "half-speed ahead" were given and obeyed. The speed of the ships increased accordingly, and now as they passed other warships, including those of foreign countries, cannon boomed out naval salutes to the departing Washington and her consort Starland. The former answered in true naval style. The latter being unarmed could not do so. However, she answered with her loud voiced siren.

The two ships were certainly given a rousing and cheering send off; may Heaven grant that they remain afloat to get as cheering a welcome back to their home port after a successful voyage!

Soon the two ships were being driven at "full-speed ahead" and many an anxious eye followed them until they finally disappeared hull-down below the horizon with their bows, which now held a "white bone in their teeth," turned toward the south.

From then on at stated hours their positions at sea were flashed to the Navy Department together with an "all's well with us."

In due course of time, and without any incident out of the ordinary, the two ships arrived off Vera Cruz, Mexico. Without any undue delay, their arrival having been eagerly watched for, the Starland with the help of tugs was soon berthed alongside the government dock. Meanwhile the watchful Washington took up a strategical position, ready for action should necessity arise, in the outer harbor.

One by one the heavy cases of Mexico's gold were hoisted aboard and deposited within her strong-room. At the same time an oil-tanker alongside was busy refilling her fuel-tanks with oil to feed the hungry furnaces in her many boilers. Also, other "fuel" for human consumption was being taken aboard.

Likewise the Washington, riding at anchor, was also taking aboard thousands of gallons of fuel-oil and the necessary quantity of "fuel" for human consumption.

WHEN she was thru taking on board her twenty-five millions in gold and other necessaries, the Starland again stood out to sea with her watchful guardian, the Washington, close at hand. An extra twenty-five millions in gold had been added to the golden cargo, which the latter ship was protecting from possible would-be pirates.

And so on down the Central American coast the two ships steamed, touching once at every republic; and every time adding twenty-five millions in gold to the Starland's ever increasing cargo of wealth.

The same program was repeated as they steamed down the South American coast. The faithful "watch-dog" and protector Washington, always within hailing distance, ever on the watch for possible sea thieves.

Finally the day arrived when both ships stood in the harbor of Buenos Aires, Argentina, their last known port of call, as far as known at that stage of the voyage. No further word of any kind had been received from Martian Ray.

On the Government rock at this port stood the gold of seven countries awaiting to be put aboard the Starland.

Just think of it! Millions upon millions in gold lying there awaiting shipment to an unknown and mysterious person. But that was not all. What about the millions she already had on board which were collected on her southward voyage since leaving New York City?

Just count them up for yourself. The immensity of the total amount will then seem to you more real than if put down here in figures of black and white.

Surely this was some amount, some wealth.

In due course of time the strong-room of the Starland held one-hundred millions in gold from the U. S. A. alone and twenty-five millions in gold from each and everyone of the other American republics. And in number they were many.

Sailing orders from the "king of the world"—Martian Ray—as to where this golden cargo was to be taken were hourly expected. At present the ships were being provisioned and fueled for a lengthy voyage into the unknown, uncharted seas, perhaps.

At last one bright afternoon as the Starland was idly riding at anchor in the harbor of Buenos Aires with her watchful convoy Washington, both fretting and pulling at their anchor-chains like an impatient horse tethered to a post and anxious to be off, Captain William Simpson of the Starland was handed a mysterious-looking envelope by a special-delivery messenger from the local postoffice, who had gone out to the anchored ship in a Government launch.

Within the envelope which Captain Simpson speedily tore open were found an oblong card with strange characters or hieroglyphics upon it, and a sheet of common note paper on which was a type-written communication in English.

With wondering and eager eyes the captain read the letter and a thoughtful and worried look suffused his weather-beaten features as he finished its perusal.

The following is the letter received by mail from the mysterious Martian Ray. At least that was the signed name at end of it:

> Captain William Simpson,
> Commander S. S. Starland,
> Buenos Aires, Argentina.
> Dear Sir:
>
> The counterpart of the enclosed card will be handed to you, at the proper time and place, by the person who is authorized by me to receive the cargo of gold now in your charge, and who will transport it to me from thereon.
>
> When this person appears to you with the identifying counterpart of the enclosed card you may safely put yourself under his orders.
>
> Under no considerations have any dealings with any but this person with the counterpart, which will be his pass-word, countersign and credential.
>
> Sailing orders will soon be wirelessed to you. Be ready to sail at a moment's notice. Acquaint the commander of your convoying man-o'-war with this advice, as he must accompany you to final destination.
>
> (Signed) MARTIAN RAY.

Short, terse and to the point was this written message, and, as far as it went, self explanatory. But was it genuine? Was it authentic? Was it really from mysterious Martian Ray? Might it not be a forgery, the signature at bottom of the type-written message? No one, except in this instance, had as yet seen a copy of his signature. Therefore it could only be taken for granted that the letter was really from the unknown, mysterious Martian Ray.

These puzzling questions kept racing thru the mind of that old sea-dog, Captain Simpson, as he read and re-read the message. And well he might be puzzled, uncertain and uneasy; his responsibilities in the matter were tremendous and vital to mankind. Upon him, upon his safe delivery of the many millions in gold, in his charge aboard his ship, to the right and proper person, rested the future and fate of many human beings. It would never do to let someone defraud him by panning himself off as the agent or emissary of mysterious Martian Ray by such means as the above letter set forth.

Certainly it was within the scope of human probability and possibility that someone might try by some such scheme or other to get hold of this immense wealth. The letter left much to be desired in the way of positive proof of identification of Martian Ray's real agent. But, perhaps, further doubt as to the real identity of the authorized agent of Martian Ray, might be received at any moment.

If, on the other hand, there really was a conspiracy afoot to inveigle the captain into surrendering his treasure in the name of Martian Ray the letter purporting to have come from him offered a good medium.

Captain Simpson had not expected any such message or order as was contained in the letter. Also, he had not expected to hear from him via the postoffice route—by mail, at all. He had expected to receive his oders by wireless, because all other communications from Martian Ray had been sent and received by means of that invisible medium. How came it then that he now used the mails? Was it simply for adding mystery to mystery?

Under the present circumstances, as brought about by the letter of instructions just received, Captain Simpson feared to take the initiative and the resultant responsibility alone. There was too much at stake. The risk of being drawn into a trap was great, and even possible in the circumstances. So he decided to go aboard the Washington and confer with Captain Northcutt in an attempt to arrive at some definite understanding relative to this new puzzling phase.

Having arrived at this conclusion he gave orders to signal the Washington for a launch as he wished to be taken aboard of her immediately on urgent business with her captain.

In quick time this order was carried out and a speedy launch was alongside the liner and its captain taken on board and quickly transported to the warship.

Captain Northcutt of the Washington was soon made acquainted with this new turn of affairs and he, too, was puzzled by the letter's contents.

The outcome of this was that they both decided to go ashore and cable the message to the U. S. Navy department at Washington for instructions. The launch quickly took them to shore and a taxi speedily conveyed them to the cable office. They had thought of going to U. S. Consul, but they realized that nothing could be gained by doing so. It was thought best to deal direct with headquarters in Washington via the cable.

Having reduced the letter to code they sent it off together with a coded request for official orders regarding their next movement.

After having seen that their message was off, and knowing that a reply would not come for a couple of hours, they decided to while away the time as best they may in sight-seeing about the city.

Granted that the letter was authentic then Martian Ray's hiding place must be somewhere on the American continent, perhaps in Argentina itself. The envelope carried Argentina postage stamps showing that it was mailed within Argentina's borders. But, unfortunately, the canceling stamp at the place of mailing had not left a legible impression on the envelope. Hence the town or city where the letter was mailed remained unknown. But it was certain that it was mailed from somewhere in Argentina by virtue of the postage it carried.

Captain Simpson was inclined to believe the advent of the message as simply a means to a dishonest and dastardly end, to decoy him into giving up the gold. Surely the captain could not be entirely blamed if he was thus victimized by some such scheme. For to err is human; we are all liable to fall victims to deception.

But Captain Simpson was not one of those beings that are reputed to be born every minute. If a conspiracy was afoot to attempt to inveigle Captain Simpson into giving up the gold in his charge by means of some fraudulent method the bold conspirators had sadly misjudged their man. As witness, his unwillingness to heed the message on his own responsibility, of his taking counsel with Captain Northcutt, and of their subsequent taking up the question with the U. S. Navy department in far-off Washington.

But on the other hand there might be no such conspiracy afoot. The letter might be genuine and fully authentic. But who on the spur of the moment could judge which was which? If nothing was wrong with the letter at least no harm was done in taking every precaution possible beforehand.

Well, perhaps these doubts would be set at rest when further sailing orders should come from Martian Ray. Perhaps the same message would also mention and explain the letter and the countersign card.

IN DUE time word was received from the Navy department at Washington that Captain Simpson of the Starland and Captain Northcutt of the dreadnaught Washington were to confer together in the matter and act according to their best judgment, because the officials at the Navy department were powerless to foresee whether or not something might be attempted by dishonest persons in the way of luring them off by passing themselves off as agents of Martian Ray, and thus acquire the gold. They added, however, that they felt sure the letter was authentic and would advise, unofficially of course, that the captains act under its instructions. They also hazarded the guess that when Martian Ray again wirelessed he would make everything plain.

Altho the department's message did not amount to a great deal, it at least left everything to the two captains' best judgment. And, perhaps, this was the best course after all in the circumstances. At least the plan offered relieved them of personal responsibility, apparently.

With minds made up to act according to whatever orders might come from Martian Ray, without further counsel with the Navy department, the two captains returned to their respective ships to await the pleasure of the mysterious Martian Ray.

And they had not long to wait.

That very night, or morning rather, for it was at the unearthly hour of 1 a. m. on the morning of December 22nd, Martian Ray was again in wireless communication with the American republics. But the message, however, was intended only for Captain Simpson of the treasure ship Starland. The message gave him his sailing orders, and, incidentally, it explained the letter; thus clearing up, apparently, all the conflicting doubts and worries that it had brought about.

But, the incredulous may ask, might not the wireless message with the sailing orders be a part of the conspiracy that the letter was also a part of? Could not the conspirators, if such a nefarious body existed, have sent the wireless sailing orders, too? Yes, certainly they could have.

But there was one paragraph in that wireless message that was proof positive that it came from none other than the redoubtable and mysterious Martian Ray himself. It mentioned the fact that the electric generating machinery on board the two ships would be temporarily put out of commission, by the same means as that used on the fateful 31st of October last, when they shall have arrived at the position where the gold was to be unloaded from the Starland.

Word for word the following is the wireless message received from the "king of the world," Martian Ray:

Captain William Simpson,
Commander S. S. Starland,
Buenos Aires Harbor, Argentina.

At daylight today you may resume your voyage with the Starland. The convoying American man-o'-war Washington may still accompany you on this, your last lap of your voyage to deliver to me the cargo of gold which the American republics have given into your charge to bring to me.

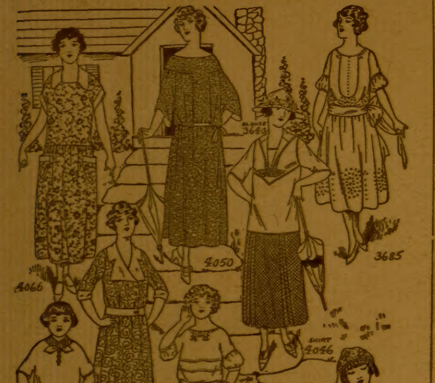
By mail I have sent to you a letter containing a card and explaining the use for this card, which, I now repeat, is the counterpart of a card that my agent will hand to you when you both meet. This meeting is scheduled to take place on Christmas morning. This card, the very counterpart of the one you now have, will be my agent's credential or countersign to show you that he is my authorized and legal representative. You may safely follow his orders.

As a further proof of this person's authenticity he will cause your electric plants to be temporarily put out of commission in the same manner as those electric plants all over America were put out of commission on the night of October 31st last.

But this person, my agent, has only enough such power at his com-

(Continued on Page 18.)

NEW LEDGER PATTERNS



No. 4066.—Ladies' House Dress. Cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5⅝ yards of 32-inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2⅜ yards. Price 12 cents.

No. 4050.—Ladies' Dress. Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 5⅝ yards of 32-inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2⅜ yards. Price 12 cents.

Nos. 3640-4046.—A Good "Sports" Costume. Blouse 3640 cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It will require 3¼ yards of 36-inch material for a medium size. Skirt 4046 is cut in 7 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure. A 29-inch size will require 4¾ yards of 40-inch material. With plaits extended lower edge of skirt measures 3⅝ yards. Two separate patterns 12 cents for each pattern.

No. 3685.—Misses' Dress. Cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 4⅝ yards of 38-inch material. The width of the skirt is 2¾ yards. Price 12 cents.

No. 4063.—Boys' Suit. Cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It will require 3⅝ yards of 27-inch material for a 6-year size. Price 12 cents.

No. 3807.—Ladies' House Dress. Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 5¼ yards of 36-inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 1⅞ yards. Price 12 cents.

No. 4056.—Girls' Dress. Cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 4041.—Ladies "Over" Blouse. Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 2⅝ yards of 32-inch material. Collar and cuffs of contrasting material require ⅝ yard 40 inches wide. Price 12 cents.

No. 4045.—Ladies' Negligee and Cap. Cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 2⅝ yards of 32-inch material. The cap alone requires ⅝ yard. Price 12 cents.

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Ledger Embroidery Patterns

By Helen Kaufman

Dainty Embroidered Pillow Cases.

Embroidered pillow cases may be made as simple or as elaborate as one wishes. It is good policy to have an extra pair in work for when they are finished there will be three places for each pair. Design **K206** is most simple and easily worked. The long curved scallops are each composed of seven small scallops and give a graceful finish to the daisy design above. The work is done in satin stitch, with either French knots or eyelets, as desired. Six-strand cotton is used for this work, with two threads in the needle at once. For the French knots four threads wound once around the needle for each knot. The daisies and leaves are worked solid; as the spaces are small the same thread is used for both padding and covering. The centers of the daisies and the small flowers, of which there are three, may be either French knots or eyelets.

Design **K207** is most attractive. The sharp-pointed scallops are hemstitched and into these tiny openings, the crocheted edge is worked. No. 50 to 70 crochet cotton may be used. Cut the material close to the hemstitching and whip the edge as smooth as possible over this make,

1st row: 1 c, 5 ch sts, turn;

2nd row: * 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forming 1 sp, repeat *, to the point at the top, then make 2 ch sts, 1 d c into s c on the opposite side, continue until you have 7 sps, 5 ch sts, turn;

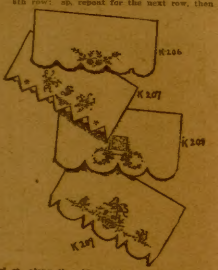
2nd row of point: sp across, for the last sp, join to d c of 1st side by d c, 2 ch sts, 1 d c into next d c, 2 ch sts, turn;

3rd row: 1 sp, 1 gr, 3 sp, 5 ch sts, turn (2 sp had been made on this row before turning).

4th row: 2 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, 1 gr, 1 sp, joining as before;

5th row: Repeat 3rd row;

6th row: sp, repeat for the next row, then sl st. along the side to the s c of 1st row, and continue around the scallops;



Last row: * 3 s c, over sp, 3 ch sts, forming 1 p, repeat *.

For the embroidery work the flowers are made of oblong and round eyelets and the graceful scrolls are outlined. For this dainty scroll work either one or two threads may be used. The 2-inch high initial gives individuality to the cases.

Design **K208** has a straight deep scallop and a square medallion of lace in the center with graceful sprays of flowers branching off at each side. The rambler roses and forget-me-nots are padded and worked solid, as are the leaves and scattered dots. For the edge:

1st row: s c, as before;

2nd row: sp;

3rd row: * 3 s c, over sp, 3 ch sts, forming 1 p, 3 s c over next sp, 3 s c over next sp, 4 d c, 1 p, 4 d c, all over next sp, 2 s c over next sp, repeat *.

Design **K209** has the most elaborate embroidery. Here one has a combination of a dainty basket filled with roses and small flowers with a graceful bow of ribbon at the top of the handle, and a butterfly flying towards it from each side. All the stitches described above are used and also the long and short stitches on the butterfly's wings. The roses are padded and worked solid, the small flowers of French knots or eyelets, as desired. The ribbon is effective with outlining for the outer edges and seeding between the lines. This is done like running stitches with a short stitch on top and one twice as long underneath. The oblong portions and the base of the basket are padded and worked solid, with the graduated eyelets between. The edge is the same as the case above. It is generally understood that pillow cases are worked in all white, but for novelty some have flowers worked in dainty shades and pale water green leaves. This design could be worked in this manner, making the basket and ribbon of white, the butterflies of yellow, the flowers of pink, orchid and light blue.

Note: Perforated stamping patterns, including compound and directions for stamping may be had as follows: **K206, K207, K208, K209** at 15 cents each. Any initial, 5 cents extra. Use coupon below.

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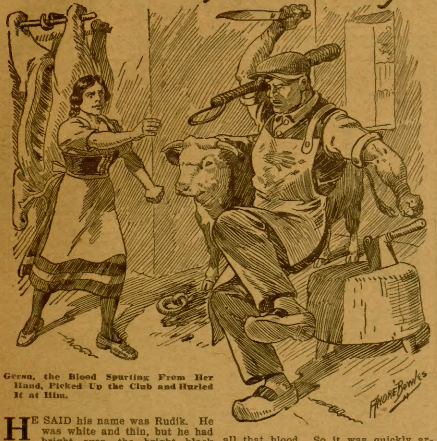
The Gloved Revenge

By John Berry



Gersa, the Blood Spurting From Her Hand, Picked Up the Club and Hurled It at Him.

HE SAID his name was Rudik. He was white and thin, but he had bright eyes, the bright black eyes that women like. He was from the Capital and was a member of the Assembly. He had worked too hard and the cough had set in. His doctor had sent him to the country, where he could breathe good, fresh air. "And," he said to Iglat the butcher, "the cattle you slaughter are famous hereabouts for their tender, juicy meat. What of their blood?"

"Their blood is rich and red," answered Iglat. "I will give it to you warm and foaming from the beasts. You can hold the pail yourself and get it as it gushes from their slashed necks."

"That's what I want," said the stranger. "That will build me up. Will you take me to board with you?"

Iglat asked Gersa, his wife. She was willing, tho her work was very heavy. She was a good wife; and isn't it a good wife's duty to earn an extra penny for her husband? Besides, the boarder would pay well; and there wouldn't be much cooking to do, with him drinking all that blood. So it was quickly arranged.

Rudik was staying at the village inn. Iglat called for him in his meat wagon to drive him to the farm, two miles out. There were red and black stains on the wagon and odors of recent slaughtering. But Rudik did not seem to mind such little things as that. He laughed boyishly and joked with the butcher all the way to the farm, telling him droll stories of city life and offering him wonderful cigarettes out of a gold case.

When the stranger alighted from the wagon he had a bad coughing spell. Whereupon Iglat, who was a giant, picked him up as if he were a woman and carried him into the house. He protested and kicked out his legs like a baby. Gersa could not help laughing at the funny sight. Rudik himself laughed—after a bit. As for Iglat, he roared. "Don't rattle the dishes on the table so, Iglat!" cried Gersa.

It was all very jolly.

Gersa had cooked a fine supper, and the steak (from old Zingare's prize steer, which had been the talk of the recent fair, and which Iglat had slaughtered only yesterday) was the best Rudik had ever eaten. He complimented the butcher on the meat and the butcher's wife on the cooking; and both were pleased, for he had a winning way, knowing how to slap a man on the back and how to flatter a woman's vanity.

When Rudik had been at the farm but a day, Iglat and Gersa were congratulating themselves that he had come. He was no trouble at all. He either kept to his own room, which looked out on Iglat's slaughter-house, or walked in the fields; and Gersa was quite free to do her work without having to think about a strange man being around.

But a strange man's presence always makes some difference to a woman. For one thing, she has to tidy herself up more. Gersa was not vain, but she naturally began to pay more attention to her appearance. At first this was a bother, and she resented the necessity; but in a little while it became almost a pleasure. It had been a long time since she had fixed up every day like this, and she had to admit to herself that her improved looks were worth the trouble.

If Rudik noticed the change he did not mention it. He was always pleasant to her, but never chummy, as he was with her husband. Every night at supper he and Iglat had a great time joking and laughing. They kept it up till long after Gersa had gone into the kitchen to wash the dishes—two boon cronies drowned in the blue smoke from the boarder's cigarettes.

Already Rudik was improving in health. He coughed less, he ate enormously, he was even getting a little color. Gersa cooked him huge steaks every day and served them almost bleeding. So far he had not drunk any blood, as he had to wait till Iglat's slaughter-day, which had been postponed on account of the farmer's delay in sending in their steers.

At last the day came, a Saturday. Iglat gave him a pail and bade him follow to the slaughter-house and get the blood warm. "Why, it almost foams like beer," jested the butcher. "It will make a man of you."

But Rudik begged to be excused. He explained frankly that the sight of the dying animals might sicken him; so Gersa went in his place.

She brought back the blood, warm and rich and red. Rudik grimaced, but it didn't taste so bad; just a bit salty, that was all. So he drank down a gobletful and was beginning on another when a sudden sound of harsh, hoarse groaning cries coming from the slaughter-house made him pause.

"What's that?" he asked.

"The steer Iglat is slaughtering. Sometimes they don't cry like that. The one whose blood you're drinking didn't cry. He just sighed."

His hand shook and the blood spilled out of the goblet. His face turned pale. He put down the blood and leaned against the table. The cries ceased.

"How—how does he slaughter them?" he asked.

"He cuts their throats. They must bleed to death. That makes the meat good."

THE cries began again. They were louder and more terrible than before.

"But that animal is in pain!" cried Rudik. "It is being tortured. The thing is inhuman."

Gersa gazed at him in surprise. "It it nothing. They are used to it. Iglat always slaughters them that way. That's the reason your steaks are so fine."

Trembling violently, he sank upon a chair. She asked him if he was ill, if she could bring him anything. He only stopped up his ears. She brought him brandy and water. He drank greedily, then rose abruptly and went to his room.

Iglat came in with bloody hands and bloody apron. There were even spots of blood on his face. "The finest steers I've slaughtered in many a day! Where's our friend?" he asked, looking around.

She nodded toward Rudik's door. "He couldn't stand their cries. I thought he'd faint."

"What! You don't mean it!" And he burst out laughing. "What a man!"

Gersa defended him. "You forget he's sick."

"You're right, my dear. As he grows stronger he won't mind."

But Iglat was a poor prophet. The next slaughtering day Rudik was careful to be away from the farm; and the next and the next. He said he had business in the village; but Gersa knew why he was gone. So did Iglat. But the butcher did not mind. He laughed it off quietly. It was Rudik's affair anyway. He had the right to play woman if it amused him.

Gersa, tho, did not join in Iglat's mirth; she could only wonder—vaguely. She had not dreamed there could be in all the world a man like this. Had he, as Iglat insisted, only a woman's heart in a man's body? Or was his sensitiveness to the suffering of animals the mark of a humanity higher than any she had ever known? She was a simple woman with little experience, and she could not make it out.

Around the house Rudik was much the same as ever. He was tirelessly gay, and his black eyes danced when Gersa brought in the streaming, bleeding, savory steaks rimmed in rich yellow fat that dripped and sputtered. The steam made a kind of aureole around her face, deepening the natural rose of her plump cheeks and making the skin of her fine throat look moist and extra velvety. She was a comely looking woman thus, loaded with those wonderful steaks; and gradually Rudik's eyes ceased to dance as he gazed at her; they just widened and watched her with a strange intentness. He still talked with Iglat, but not so much as formerly. Almost anyone could have seen by the involuntary curl of his lip that he inwardly despised the butcher. Even Gersa was beginning to notice it.

On slaughtering days she always had the blood in a clean earthen jar, waiting for him when he came home. He gulped it down without looking at it, his cheeks almost as red as the fluid itself. At these times he gazed at her with eyes that glittered strangely, and once he drew so near to say some little thing that his blood-stained lips almost touched hers. She felt a smothered sensation, as tho something were pressing against her heart. She was wondering in her vague way what he was about to say or do, when they were disturbed by the entrance of Iglat, who just then came in from the barnyard, bringing its odors with him.

One day the butcher did not get his slaughtering done till evening, and when Rudik came home he heard the cries of the cattle. He was much affected and when Iglat came in from the slaughter-house he took him to task bitterly, declaring that such methods of killing the beasts were barbarous and cruel, and that the more humane way of stunning them with blows on the head should be substituted.

Iglat defended himself sullenly, insisting that the animals should be bled. The quarrel developed into a furious one. Rudik, as a member of the Legislative Assembly, threatened the enactment of laws making bleeding a crim-

(Continued on Page 21.)

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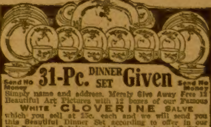

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A Page *for the* Woman *in the* Home

VICTORIA GREY'S TALKS TO WOMEN

THERE are persons who reform the world without knowing it and also, quite on the other hand, there are persons who think they are reforming the world when all they are accomplishing is a shove in the direction of perdition.

I have such a one in mind. He is a minister in a mission in a neighborhood of none too affluent dwellers. Every night is open house to all. And the mission is a very popular place. Mothers come with their little boys and girls all cleaned up and sit and chat with the neighbors they are bound to find there, and listen to the victrola music and to thirty minutes' talk from the minister. Young men and young women come and further their innocent friendships. Fathers and their fathers and mothers come.

This minister has the gift of being taken in as a confidential friend, a "special friend," by each separate member of the community. He has started in by being a regular father confessor among them. But the trouble lies in this. He loves to strut about and preen himself upon being a well-doer and a reformer—and he likes this phase of it better than the actual reforming.

What errors he commits in reforming! If he were as sincere in reforming as he is in being considered a reformer, he would study the psychologies of his different "reformers" or "sinners." Instead, he lumbers in, spouts his views on right doing and lumbers out again, aglow with his feeling of righteousness. One case might be interesting to you.

It concerns a young couple, very happily married, in spite of the fact that the husband had a craving, tho a fast declining craving, for a certain narcotic drug. When they had first married, he took large doses of the drug daily, but after two years he had reduced the daily dose to one-thirteenth of that which he originally took.

But one day the minister, learning of the young man's secret weakness, thought it proper to rush in. He called the little wife aside, at the mission, and after expounding the horror of drug addiction to her, told her to give the same lecture to her husband.

"But my husband is getting better and better. Soon he will be taking no drug at all. When we married, his daily dose was thirty times what it is today."

"If you won't insist he stop it instantly, I SHALL," asserted the minister. "How dare you stand like this between him and God!"

At this the wife became terrified.

"You don't know my husband, please," she pleaded. "If he thinks he can't have the drug, then the devil himself will not stop him. Leave him alone. I know him better than you. I can handle it. I AM handling it."

But the minister could not give up indulging in the role of reformer. He started a campaign of reform upon this man—a secret campaign just between the man and himself—with the result that the family is ruined and the young husband is a derelict, a drug addict who will require an expensive sojourn at a sanitarium to be cured.

I contend that the little wife was a real reformer who cared nothing for the glory of being such.

And, between you and me, I contend that the minister, tho he relished the name of being a reformer, was not particular about the game.

AN IDEA FOR SUNDAY'S THREE MEALS

BREAKFAST.

Baked Apples
Corn Muffins
Fried Eggs Bacon

DINNER.

Cannelon Sweet Potatoes
Succotash
Tomato Salad
Peach Short Cake

SUPPER.

Potato Croquettes
Salmon Salad
Fresh Pears Wafers
Iced Tea

Corn Muffins.

One egg, one tablespoon of melted butter, one cup milk, one cup white sauce, four level teaspoons baking powder, one and a quarter cups corn meal, one cup flour, one teaspoon salt. Mix and bake in muffin tins.

Potato Croquettes.

To one pint hot potatoes mashed, add one full tablespoon butter, two beaten eggs, season with chopped parsley, salt, pepper, a dash of cayenne and two drops onion juice. Chill, form in croquettes, dip in egg, and breadcrumbs, and fry in deep fat.

Cannelon.

One pound uncooked beef chopped fine, yolk of one egg, one tablespoon butter, two of breadcrumbs, one tablespoon chopped parsley, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon lemon juice and a dash of pepper. Mix ingredients. Form in roll six inchs long, wrap in greased paper, put in baking pan and bake in quick oven thirty minutes, basting twice with melted butter. When done remove paper and serve.

DOMESTIC HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

TOMATO CONDIMENTS

WHEN tomatoes are cheapest—that is the time to make all sorts of tomato condiments. Ketchup and chili sauce and various sorts of red tomato pickles are delicious and they are not difficult to make. So get to work one of these warm days when you can buy tomatoes at a bargain and fill bottles and jars with various good-tasting tomato concoctions for next winter's use.

Here are recipes for some good ones:

Yellow Tomato Preserves.

Allow a pound of sugar to each pound of tomatoes and a half cup water to each pound of fruit. Cover the tomatoes with boiling water, then skin. Make a syrup of the sugar, and when boiling, skim and add the tomatoes. Have ready a sliced lemon that has been cooked in boiling water and a little sliced ginger. Add to the tomatoes. Cook until they are clear, remove, pack in jars, cook the syrup until thick, pour over and seal.

Chili Sauce.

Eight quarts tomatoes, three cups of peppers, two cups of onions, three cups of sugar, one cup of salt, one and a half quarts of vinegar, three teaspoonfuls of cloves; same quantity of cinnamon, two teaspoonfuls each of ginger and nutmeg; chop tomatoes, peppers, and onions very fine; boil three hours, bottle up and seal.

Tomato Catsup.

Take one gallon of skinned tomatoes, four tablespoonfuls of salt, four ditto of whole black pepper, half a spoonful of allspice, eight pods of red pepper, and three spoonfuls of mustard, boil them together for one hour, then strain it thru a sieve or coarse cloth, and when cold, bottle for use; have the best velvet corks.

Tomato Mustard.

Slice and boil for an hour, with six small red peppers, half bushel of ripe tomatoes; strain thru a colander and boil for an hour with two tablespoonfuls of black pepper, two ounces of ginger, one ounce allspice, half ounce cloves, one-eighth ounce mace, quarter pound salt. When cold add two ounces mustard, two ounces curry powder, and one pint of vinegar.

Salt Fish Omelet.

PUT one pint of sliced raw potatoes in a stewpan, add one pint of shredded and freshened fish, cover with cold water, and boil until the potatoes are cooked; drain; add one-half cup of thin cream, one tablespoon of butter, the beaten yolks of two eggs, and pepper and salt to taste; beat thoroly until very light, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs, cook in a frying-pan until brown on the bottom, then fold like an omelet, and serve immediately.

Fashion Notes.

SOME of the choicest of black satin gowns are trimmed solely with Paisley bands.

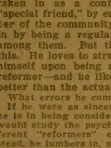
Irish green is much to the fore with the Paris couturiers and milliners for the coming spring season.

Color Schemes.

RUSSIAN and Hungarian color schemes and interior decorating ideas are among the newest. An idea for furnishing a room thus can be obtained from the colorings on pottery. A Czecho-Slovak drinking set of black is so gay with color as to suggest national peasant costumes.

THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME

YOURS TRULY


Dear Mr Smith:
I do so hope that before 1922 ever that will meet.
Yours truly
S. B. Smith

IT IS said that many of the forms of present-day society are survivals of times when inequalities of position and social status were more trying than they are today. "I am your obedient servant," was once no ceremonious form when it was written at the close of a letter, before the signature. It was the form used by a subject to his monarch, a vassal to his lord, and it meant exactly what it said. Good form today demands that we use the form "yours" in the signature of a letter. It is incorrect to say simply, "Sincerely, Mary Smith," or "Ever faithfully, Tom Brown." The correct form demands the "yours." And yet this innocent appearing little word is said to be a relic of the time when those who used it actually did belong to some over-lord or other to whom they wrote in this way.

But for practical purposes we are more concerned with present-day usage than with survivals and relics of former forms.

"Yours truly," or "Yours very truly," or "Very truly yours," are all good form to use in business letters. "Sincerely yours," is the safest form to use in a social letter written to some one with whom you are not intimate enough to use a more endearing form. "Cordially yours" is a form often used in social correspondence, but there are some people who think that it should not be used by a woman in a letter to a man. "Faithfully yours" should be used only between friends or between persons engaged together in some good work.

What Readers Ask.

"Is it true that a woman should not wear a watch when dressed in the evening for a dance or other formal entertainment? Does this apply to a jeweled watch as well as to any other?"

It is not customary for women in this country to wear watches when dressed in formal evening dress.

What Your Name Signifies

Facts about it; its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

LAURA

Laura, which is generally conceded to be best suited to women of meek and gentle mien, should by right of derivation, signify victor, since it not only means, but also comes, from the laurel, sign of the conqueror. However, its derivation is somewhat devious and rather more poetic.

The real root of Laura is in Roman mythology where the lares were the spirits which guarded the home and were represented by images placed near the hearthstone. On certain religious occasions, these images were adorned with crowns of laurel or evergreen. Finally there appears a Roman deity called Lara, or Laurentia, sometimes spelled Laurendia. Greek mythology made poor Laurentia a nymph, whom, because of her chattering, Jupiter sent to the lower regions, accompanied by Mercury.

Another tradition makes her the woman who nursed Romulus and Remus and disposes of her and the she-wolf simultaneously. Still a third version degraded her like Flora, who was once a goddess in whose honor spring festivals were given, and made her leave all her property to the state in the time of Ancus Martius.

Laura's flower, the laurel with its cool chaste bloom, has peculiar powers. It dispels contagion in time of plague, and in Italy its boughs are thrown on the fire during a thunderstorm. The Italians have always loved the name, due perhaps to that most exquisite love story of history. Petrarch's Laura has a place among the immortals. They call her Lorenza in Italy as well as Laura.

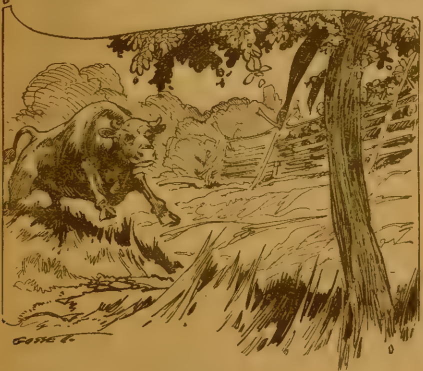
Her jewel is the emerald, the color of the heart of woodland. It is said to have the mystic power to strengthen the eyesight of its wearer and when it could not protect from danger, old superstition has it, that a piece would break from the gem. Monday is Laura's lucky day and 2 her lucky number.

Next Week. MARY. Watch for It.

Other departments of interest to woman and her children will be found on pages 2, 6, 8 and 26

Toreador from Mason's Store

by Howard Philip Rhoades



Once Up, J. Flavius Helped Her.

AFTER we get Spain provided with flivvers and afflicted with soft drinks we ought to take up the matter of Americanizing the bullfight. With American improvements the bullfight would jam the main bleachers at Madrid the year around and make them throw away their cigarette holders in enthusiasm.

Love interest and no slaughter-house stuff—that's the American plan. I'd heard so much about bullfights that I'd have missed my bi-weekly date with Flo from the gift shop to see the real thing. But, after seeing Mr. Terrill and Old Efficiency in the arena, I submit that all these firms suffering from readjustment and industrial crisis—quoting from my course at the Evening Business University—need is a good bullfight to put them back on their feet.

I know how it was at Mason's Store. From bargain basement to roof restaurant everybody had the scare of the old ball-bearinged gate. I used to wonder if Mr. Harvey Mason himself didn't come down mornings half expecting some new and more efficient guy sitting at his desk.

Now I've all respect for learning and science. If I hadn't they wouldn't call me "the office boy professor," and at 18 I wouldn't be graduated—class to that term!—from a correspondence school and a business university. Fact, it was my devotion to letters and science that made me sore on this bird, J. Flavius Davenport. He didn't follow out my ideas about people who are there with the smarts.

Mr. Davenport or "Efficiency," as we titled him, blew into Mason's Mastadon Maison—class, eh? my own term—about the time business men were wondering if they'd better drink the hemlock before or after the bankruptcy proceedings. I'm in the outer main office, where I can see everything. Well I remember the day Old Efficiency stepped in.

He didn't have an appointment with Mr. Mason. Funny, nobody ever sends for these efficiency guys. They just stray in and sell themselves when things are wrong and the boss doesn't know why. He may blame it on Congress or a late spring. But, after this efficiency person talks to him five minutes, he can see that all the trouble's on the inside. Too much overhead, too large a pay roll, too much wasted motion.

"J. Flavius Davenport," I says to myself, walking over to Red Walker.

Red was an office boy unde. my care. He asks: "What's that?"

"Inside," I said, "is a man whose mother named him John or Jim, and then Flavius, so he'd have a middle initial. Now he prefers Flavius to John or Jim. I don't trust him."

"I didn't notice," said Red. "How did he look?"

"Thin and hatchet-faced. Big black-brimmed glasses, walks with a springy step, carries a brief case and a cane Not so bad looking, but he orders you around like he was Hindenburg."

Two weeks later J. Flavius Davenport was in the office to the right of Mr. Mason. Red was gone. He liked to flip wire paper clips across the street at the Greek shoe shiners. He got so good he could make them come out and stare two shots out of three. His masterpiece was cracking a bald-headed man who'd just taken off his hat. Red was doubling up with laughter when Efficiency came along. Red headed the procession.

It was a long one, too. Red's being chosen to lead it helped to line up sides for and against Davenport right away. Mr. Terrill, who was the prince of the store so far as bosses went, had picked Red up selling papers in front of the store and given him a job. Right after Red got canned—I was in Mr. Terrill's office emptying his "out" basket.

He says to his stenographer: "Mr. Davenport dismissed him? Barton, ask Mr. Davenport to step into my office."

I did so. Efficiency looked up at me with eyes which were cold and gray and starey through those big glasses. "What does he want?" he asked.

"I don't know—unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless it's about Red, that boy you——"

He just growled and went on dictating. I watched, but he never went to Mr. Terrill's office. When the big boss came in I saw Terrill heading that way with a determined set to his mouth. Somebody brought an important message for Mr. Mason. As I went in with it I heard the big boss say: "Sorry, Mr. Terrill, but at such times sentiment can't rule. Mr. Davenport has a free hand. Inform your people that the price of a job is one hundred per cent efficiency."

Mr. Mason's not a hard man. The most they ever charge him with is having fads, and not being quite the business man his father was—his father being the Mason who made the money and founded the store. I got that from Henry, the bookkeeper, who's been here fifty years. To us younger ones Mr Mason, the present head, is the "old man" and pretty proud of him we are, with his fine white hair and mustache, his pink skin and snappy clothes—and his daughter.

Delia Mason was the peach of her father's eye, and the gossip of the store. She'd been all over Europe and the society pages for education and culture and all that. Now she'd come to work in the store. Having always had everything, she didn't seem crazy at all about tea dances, and imported cars and dress. Rather than flap the butterfly wing she organized a fancy little art counter of her own, and seemed to have a lot of fun running it.

But that wasn't what they gossiped about. The question was: 'Who would Delia Mason marry. No—slips! Whom would she marry, as we learned in the English class She was 22, slender, with blue eyes, and as curvey and creamy as these dames you see in the Follies. But, with all her working in the store, her brains, and looks and all, you could just feel that she belonged in some one's happy home. Imagine somebody like that to flap your bacon and press the old smoking jacket!

None of us could see her spending her life in a department store when her father resided in a house of some fifty rooms, not counting baths, on Lake Boulevard. Neither could the dress clothes chappies, and you could see them dropping in of an afternoon looking like our most aristocratic posters and taking Miss Mason up on the mezzanine to buy her some of her father's tea and wafers. She'd sit awhile, then dismiss them with a tired smile and drop up to the main office for a chat with her father—or Jack Terrill.

Chatting with her father didn't surprise us. But in the matter of Mr. Terrill there was general discussion—and satisfaction. She was interested in the sort of man that does things. Also her father was pretty well off the hot house variety, we understood. The fellow who knocked the peach off the Mason tree was going to be one able to wield a very solid club wickedly. Which pointed at Terrill.

He was a tall, straight, keen fellow who wore his clothes as niftily as our most well known floor-walkers, and a lot less self-consciously. He spoke and acted decisively, as if he were a private training for captain of industry He'd been well around the world and seemed to have held onto most of the things he'd learned He had black hair, dark eyes, and was strong enough to fill out his clothes without bulging. It looked like he was all set to get his bacon flapped and his smoking jacket pressed by Miss Delia—until Efficiency came along.

Then there was a change Used to be when I went in to empty the big bosses' baskets about three I'd find him, Miss Delia and Mr. Terrill chatting. I've known them to have tea up there, and I see in Miss Delia's eyes that she liked it much better than down with the cutaway gang. But now when I went in Mr. Mason was always talking to Efficiency—or was it Efficiency talking to him? Frequently Efficiency'd be showing off something between a map and a black list which the big boss seemed to be swallowing hook, line and sinker.

DAVENPORT'S office was a chamber of horrors. He had a long, pale draftsman who drew these things. Then Efficiency went out and talked about them They were graphics, and curves, and coordinates and so on. Every move the

(Continued on Page 24)

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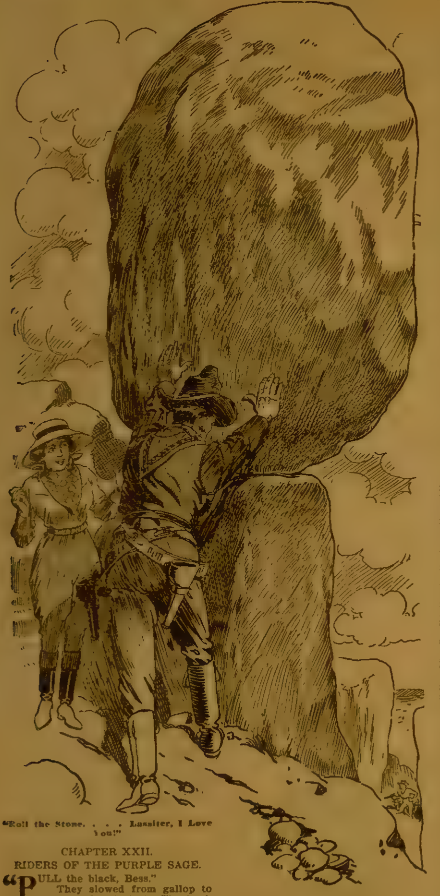
Riders of the Purple Sage

By Zane Grey



"Roll the Stone. . . . Lassiter, I Love You!"

Read This First

After Jane had come out of a fainting spell she was told by Judkins that Lassiter was back—that he had killed Bishop Dyer, but Tull had escaped the gunman's wrath. Lassiter acknowledged his act and prevailed upon Jane to ride away with him and leave Withersteen house forever. Jane gave Bells to Judkins and mounting Black Star rode away with Judkins as escort, to be overtaken a short distance out by Lassiter. Jane obeyed both Judkins' and Lassiter's command not to look back. Had she done so she would have seen her beloved home in flames! Lassiter had applied the torch!

Venters and Bess left their retreat in the crags, well provisioned for a trip out of Utah. Again was Bern tempted to push the huge balancing rock crashing down into the beautiful valley, but he desisted. Down the steep steps cut by the cliff-dwellers ages ago they guided their two patient little burros. In the sage they met Jane and Lassiter, the Mormon-hater leading Black Star and Night. Jane was furious when she learned that Venters and Bess had been together for days in the cavern, only to relent and beg their forgiveness; but in her rage she asked Bess how she could love a man who has killed her father? Lassiter now exhibited an old photograph that proved Bess to be Frank and Milly Erne's daughter, and instead of being Bess Oldring she was Elizabeth Erne, Lassiter's niece.

Jane gave Bern and Bess Black Star and Night in exchange for the burros and Bern's two dogs. Bern and Bess had not ridden far when in the distance they discerned a band of rustlers approaching them.

This story began in No. 26, the Ledger for July 1. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XXII.

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE.

"PULL the black, Bess."

They slowed from gallop to canter, then to trot. The fresh and eager horses did not like the check.

"Bern, Black Star has great eyesight."

"I wonder if they're Tull's riders. They might be rustlers. But it's all the same to us."

The black dot grew to be a dark patch moving under low dust-clouds. It grew all the time, tho very slowly. There were long periods when it was in plain sight, and intervals when it dropped behind the sage. The blacks trotted for half an hour, for another half hour, and still the moving patch appeared to stay on the horizon line. Gradually, however, as time passed, it began to enlarge, to creep down the slope, to encroach upon the intervening distance.

"Bess, what do you make them out?" asked Venters. "I don't think they're rustlers."

"They're sage-riders," replied Bess. "I see a white horse and several grays. Rustlers seldom ride any horses but bays and blacks."

"That white horse is Tull's. Pull the black, Bess. I'll get down and cinch up. We're in for some riding. Are you afraid?"

"Not now," answered the girl smiling.

"You needn't be. Bess, you don't weigh enough to make Black Star know you're on him. I won't be able to stay with you. You'll leave Tull and his riders as if they were standing still."

"How about you?"

"Never fear. If I can't stay with you I can still laugh at Tull."

"Look, Bern! They've stopped on that ridge. They see us."

"Yes. But we're too far yet for them to make out who we are. They'll recognize the blacks first. We've passed most of the ridges and the thickest sage. Now, when I give the word, let Black Star go and ride!"

Venters calculated that a mile or more still intervened between them and the riders. They were approaching at a swift canter. Soon Venters recognized Tull's white horse, and concluded that the rider had likewise recognized Black Star and Night. But it would be impossible for Tull yet to see that the blacks were not ridden by Lassiter and Jane.

Venters noted that Tull and the line of horsemen, perhaps ten or twelve in number, stopped several times and evidently looked hard down the slope. It must have been a puzzling circumstance for Tull. Venters laughed grimly at the thought of what Tull's rage would be when he finally discovered the trick. Venters meant to sheer out into the sage before Tull could possibly be sure who rode the blacks.

The gap closed to a distance of half a mile. Tull halted. His riders came up and formed a dark group around him. Venters thought he saw him wave his arms, and was certain of it when the riders dashed into the sage, to right and left of the trail. Tull had anticipated just the move held in mind by Venters.

"Now Bess!" shouted Venters. "Strike north. Go round these riders and turn west."

Black Star sailed over the low sage, and in a few leaps got into his stride and was running. Venters spurred Night after him. It was hard going in the sage. The horses could run as well there, but keen eyesight and judgment must constantly be used by the riders in choosing ground. And continuous swerving from aisle to aisle between the brush, and leaping little washes and mounds of the pack-rats, and breaking thru sage, made rough riding.

When Venters had turned into a long aisle he had time to look up at Tull's riders. They were now strung out into an extended line riding northeast. And, as Venters and Bess were holding due north, this meant, if the horses Tull and his riders had the speed and the staying power, they would head the blacks and turn them back down the slope.

Tull's men were not saving their mounts; they were driving them desperately. Venters feared only an accident to Black Star or Night, and skilful riding would mitigate possibility of that. One glance ahead served to show him that

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Bess could pick a course thru the sage as well as he. She looked neither back nor at the running riders, and bent forward over Black Star's neck and studied the ground ahead.

It struck Venters, presently, after he had glanced up from time to time, that Bess was drawing away from him as he had expected. He had, however, only thought of the light weight Black Star was carrying and of his superior speed; he saw now that the black was being ridden as never before, except when Jerry Card lost the race to Wrangle. How easily, gracefully, naturally Bess sat her saddle! She could ride! Suddenly Venters remembered she had said she could ride. But he had not dreamed she was capable of such superb horsemanship. Then all at once, flashing over him, thrilling him, came the recollection that Bess was Oldring's Masked Rider.

He forgot Tull—the running riders—the race. He let Night have a free rein and felt him lenthen out to suit himself, knowing he would keep to Black Star's course, knowing that had been chosen by the best rider now on the upland sage. For Jerry Card was dead. And fame had rivaled him with only one rider, and that was the slender girl who now swung so easily with Black Star's stride. Venters had abhorred her notoriety, but now he took passionate pride in her skill, her daring, her power over a horse. And he delved into his memory, recalling famous rides which he had heard related in the villages and round the camp fires. Oldring's Masked Rider!

Many times this strange rider, at once well-known and unknown, had escaped pursuers by matchless riding. He had run the gauntlet of vigilance down the main street of Stone Bridge, leaving dead horses and dead rustlers behind. He had jumped his horse over the Gerber Wash, a deep, wide ravine separating the fields of Glaze from the wild sage. He had been surrounded north of Sterling; and he had broken thru the line. How often had been told the story of day stampedes, of night raids, of pursuit, and then how the Masked Rider, swift as the wind, was gone in the sage! A fleet, dark horse—a slender, dark form—a black mask—a driving run down the slope—a dot on the purple sage—a shadowy, muffled steed disappearing in the night!

And this Masked Rider of the uplands had been Elizabeth Erne!

The sweet sage wind rushed in Venters' face and sang a song in his ears. He heard the dull, rapid beat of Night's hoofs; he saw Black Star drawing away, farther and farther. He realized both horses were swinging to the west. Then gunshots in the rear reminded him of Tull. Venters looked back. Far to the side, dropping behind, trooped the riders. They were shooting. Venters saw no puffs of dust, heard no whistling bullets. He was out of range. When he looked back again Tull's riders had given up pursuit. The best they could do, no doubt, had been to get near enough to recognize who really rode the blacks. Venters saw Tull drooping in his saddle.

Then Venters pulled Night out of his running stride. Those few miles had scarcely warmed the black, but Venters wished to save him. Bess turned, and, tho she was far away, Venters caught the white glint of her waving hand. He held Night to a trot and rode on, seeing Bess and Black Star, and the sloping upward stretch of sage, and from time to time the receding black riders behind.

Soon they disappeared behind a ridge, and he turned no more. They would go back to Lassiter's trail and follow it, and follow in vain. So Venters rode on, with the wind growing sweeter to taste and smell, and the purple sage richer and the sky bluer in his sight; and the song in his ears ringing. By and by Bess halted to wait for him, and he knew she had come to the trail. When he reached her it was to smile at sight of her standing with arms round Black Star's neck.

"Oh! Bern! I love him!" she cried. "He's beautiful; he knows; and how he can run! I've had fast horses. But Black Star! . . . Wrangle never beat him!"

"I'm wondering if I didn't dream that. Bess, the blacks are grand. What it must have cost Jane—ah!—well, when we get out of this wild country with Star and Night, back to my old home in Illinois, we'll buy a beautiful farm with meadows and springs and cool shade. There we'll turn the horses free—free to roam and browse and drink—never to feel a spur again—never to be ridden!"

"I would like that," said Bess

They rested. Then, mounting, they rode side by side up the white trail. The sun rose higher behind them. Far to the left a low line of green marked the site of Cottonwoods. Venters looked once and looked no more. Bess gazed only straight ahead. They put the blacks to the long, swinging rider's canter, and at times pulled them to a trot, and occasionally to a walk.

The hours passed, the miles slipped behind, and the wall of rock loomed in the fore. The Notch opened wide. It was a rugged, stony pass, but with level and open trail, and Venters and Bess ran the blacks thru it. An old trail led off to the right, taking the line of the wall, and this Venters knew to be the trail mentioned by Lassiter.

The little hamlet Glaze, a white and green patch in the vast waste of purple, lay miles down a slope much like the Cottonwoods slope, only this descended to the west. And miles farther west a faint green spot marked the location of Stone Bridge. All the rest of that world was seemingly smooth, undulating sage, with no ragged lines of canyons to accentuate its wildness.

"Bess, we're safe—we're free!" said Venters. "We're alone on the sage. We're half way to Sterling."

"Ah! I wonder how it is with Lassiter and Miss Withersteen."

"Never fear, Bess. He'll outwit Tull. He'll get away and hide her safely. He might climb into Surprise Valley, but I don't think he'll go so far."

"Bern, will we ever find any place like our beautiful valley?"

"No. But, dear, listen! We'll go back some day, after years—ten years. Then we'll be forgotten. And our valley will be just as we left it."

"What if Balancing Rock falls and closes the outlet to the Pass?"

"I've thought of that. I'll pack in ropes and ropes. And if the outlet's closed we'll climb up the cliffs and over them to the valley and go down on rope ladders. It could be done. I know just where to make the climb, and I'll never forget."

"Oh, yes, let us go back!"

"It's something sweet to look forward to. Bess, it's like all the future looks to me."

"Call me—Elizabeth," she said, shyly.

"Elizabeth Erne! It's a beautiful name. But I'll never forget Bess. Do you know—have you thought that very soon—by this time tomorrow—you will be Elizabeth Venters?"

So they rode on down the old trail. And the sun sloped to the west, and a golden sheen lay on the sage. The hours sped now; the afternoon waned. Often they rested the horses. The glisten of a pool of water in a hollow caught Venter's eye, and here he unsaddled the blacks and let them roll and drink and browse. When he and Bess rode up out of the hollow the sun was low, a crimson ball, and the valley seemed veiled in purple fire and smoke. It was that short time when the sun appeared to rest before setting, and silence, like a cloak of invisible life, lay heavy on all that shimmering world of sage

They watched the sun begin to bury its red curve under the dark horizon.

"We'll ride on till late," he said. "Then you can sleep a little, while I watch and graze the horses. And we'll ride into Sterling early tomorrow. We'll be married." We'll be in time to catch the stage. We'll tie Black Star and Night behind—and then—for a country not wild and terrible like this!"

"Oh! Bern! . . . But look! The sun is setting on the sage—the last time for us till we dare come again to the Utah border. Ten years! Oh, Bern, look, so you will never forget!"

Slumbering, fading purple fire burned over the undulating sage ridges. Long streaks and bars and shafts and spears fringed the far western slope. Drifting, golden veils mingled with low purple shadows. Colors and shades changed in slow, wondrous transformation.

Suddenly Venters was startled by a low, rumbling roar—so low that it was like the roar in a sea-shell

"Bess, did you hear anything?" he whispered

"No."

"Listen! . . . Maybe I only imagined—— Ah!"

Out of the east or north, from remote distance breathed an infinitely low, continuously long sound—deep, weird, detonating, thundering, deadening—dying

CHAPTER XXIII

THE FALL OF BALANCING ROCK

THRU tear-blurred sight Jane Withersteen watched Venters and Elizabeth Erne and the black racers disappear over the ridge of sage.

"They're gone!" said Lassiter. "An' they're safe now. An' there'll never be a day of their comin' happy lives but what they'll remember Jane Withersteen an'—an' Uncle Jim! . . . I reckon, Jane, we'd better be on our way."

The burros obediently wheeled and started down the break with little, cautious steps, but Lassiter had to leash the whining dogs and lead them. Jane felt herself bound in a feeling that was neither listlessness nor indifference, yet which rendered her incapable of interest. She was still strong in body, but emotionally tired. That hour at the entrance to Deception Pass had been the climax of her suffering—the flood of her wrath—the last of her sacrifice—the supremity of her love—and the attainment of peace. She thought that if she had little Fay she would not ask any more of life.

Like an automaton she followed Lassiter down the steep trail of dust and bits of weathered stone; and when the little slides moved with her or piled around her knees, she experienced no alarm. Vague relief came to her in the sense of being enclosed between dark stone walls, deep hidden from the glare of sun, from the glistening sage. Lassiter lengthened the stirrup straps on one of the burros and bade her mount and ride close to him. She was to keep the burro from cracking his little hard hoofs on stones. Then she was riding on between dark, gleaming walls. There were quiet and rest and coolness in this canyon.

She noted indifferently that they passed close under shady, bulging shelves of cliff, thru patches of grass and sage and thicket and groves of slender trees, and over white, pebbly washes, and around masses of broken rock. The burros trotted tirelessly, the dogs, once more free, pattered tirelessly; and Lassiter led on with never a stop, and at every open place he looked back. The shade under the walls gave place to sunlight. And presently they came to a dense thicket of slender trees, thru which they pressed to rich, green grass and water.

Here Lassiter rested the burros for a little while, but he was restless, uneasy, silent, always listening, peering under the trees. She dully reflected that enemies were behind them—before them; still the thought awakened no dread or concern or interest.

At his bidding she mounted and rode on close to the heels of his burro. The canyon narrowed; the walls lifted their rugged rims higher; and the sun shone down hot from the center of the blue stream of sky above. Lassiter traveled slower, with more exceeding care as to the ground he chose, and he kept speaking low to the dogs. They were now hunting dogs—keen, alert, suspicious, sniffing the warm breeze.

The monotony of the yellow walls broke in change of color and smooth surface, and the rugged outline of rims grew craggy. Splits appeared in deep breaks, and gorges running at right angles, and then the Pass opened wide at a junction of interesting canyons

Lassiter dismounted, led his burro, called the dogs close, and proceeded at snail pace thru dark masses of rock and dense thickets under the left wall. Long he watched and listened before venturing to cross the mouths of side canyons At length he halted, tied his burro, lifted a warning hand to Jane, and then slipped away among the bowlders, and, followed by the stealthy dogs, disappeared from sight. The time he remained absent was neither short nor long to Jane Withersteen.

When he reached her side again he was pale, and his lips were set in a hard line, and his gray eyes glittered coldly. Bidding her dismount, he led the burros into a covert of stone and cedars, and tied them.

"Jane, I've run into the fellers I've been lookin' for, an' I'm goin' after them," he said.

"Why?" she asked.

(Continued on Page 16.)

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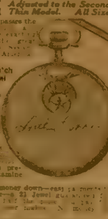

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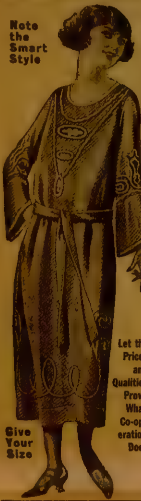

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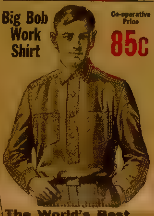

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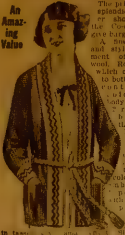

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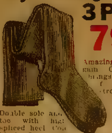
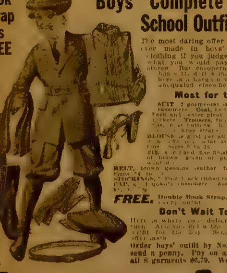


Amazing bargain. Only 79c brings 3 pairs of these strong cotton hose. Double sole and toe with high spliced heel. Color black. Sizes 6 to 11. No. XE260. Don't send a penny. Pay on arrival. Co-operative price for 3 pairs 79c. We pay postage.

Boys' Complete 8-Piece School Outfit



Book Strap Is FREE

Give All Sizes

Co-operative Price **$6.79**

The most daring offer ever made in boys' clothing. If you judge by what you would pay at stores. But co-operation has settled this matter of price and here is a bargain which we claim is unequaled elsewhere.

Most for the Money

SUIT, 2 garments of wool mixed brown cassimere. Coat, belted model with yoke back and center pleat. Two side and regular pockets. **Trousers**, full lined. Belt looped [illegible] knee straps. Sizes 6 to 15.

BLOUSE, a good percale made in coat style [illegible] Sizes 6 to 15.

TIE, [illegible] fine Scotch silk poplin. Choice of brown, green or purple. (State color wanted.)

BELT, brown genuine leather fancy roller buckle. Sizes [illegible]

STOCKINGS, [illegible] black ribbed cotton. Sizes 6 to 11.

CAP, [illegible] quality cassimere. Assorted plaids. Sizes [illegible]

FREE. Double Book Strap. This given with every outfit.

Don't Wait Too Long

Here is where your dollar brings a big return. Are you get a fine complete durable outfit for the boy. Send now while the offer lasts.

Order boys' outfit by No. XM3080. Don't send a penny. Pay on arrival. Price for all 8 garments $6.79. We pay postage.

HARRISON PARKER
Founder of the Consumers' Co-operative Society of America

I don't have to do much talking about the way co-operation has cut out middlemen, baffled the profiteers and given the American people dependable merchandise at smashed prices. The bargains on this page tell more than all I could say in words. My purpose is to invite you to snap these bargains up while they last and save the in-between profits which you would pay if you bought goods that have passed through many hands. Leonard-Morton & Co., controlled by the Co-operative Society of America (an organization of nearly 100,000 people), is giving a fair deal to the consumer by cutting out unnecessary expense in handling and distribution—which means getting dependable merchandise at prices no higher than you have paid for inferior grades. If you need anything offered here, send for it.

Don't send a penny. Wait until goods arrive. Then pay only the Co-operative price. If not satisfied, return the goods and we will immediately refund your money.

Harrison Parker

Leonard-Morton & Co.
Controlled by the People

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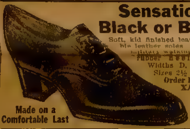
If you order any of these bargains you get this wonderful Bargain Catalog with the goods. If you don't order, send for the Catalog anyhow. See the thousands of co-operative bargains it offers in the very latest styles of garments and shoes for all the family. See how it enables you to get more out of every dollar and learn how this great co-operative society is working in the interest of the people by bringing producer and consumer closer together. Send postcard or letter for your copy.

Leonard-Morton & Co., Dept. 18, Chicago, Ill.

Sensational Value In Black or Brown Oxfords



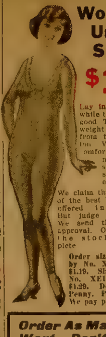
Made on a Comfortable Last

$1.85

Soft, kid finished leather. Flexible leather soles. New height military walking heels. Live rubber heels attached. Widths D, E and EE. Sizes 2½ to 8. Order Brown by No. XA245. Black No. XA246. Don't send a penny. Pay on arrival. Price $1.85. We pay postage.

Amazing Underwear Bargains

Women's Union Suits



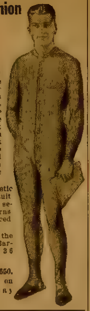
$1.19

Lay in your supply while this offer holds good. These medium weight suits are knit from fine, soft cotton. Very soft and comfortable. Low neck, no sleeves. Fits snug but easy.

We claim that this is one of the best bargains ever offered in underwear. But judge for yourself. We send the goods on approval. Order while the stock is complete.

Order sizes 34, 36, 38 by No. XE1732. Price $1.19. Sizes 40, 42, 44 No. XE1732X. Price $1.29. Don't Send a Penny. Pay on arrival. We pay postage.

Men's Union Suits



95c

Smashed prices! A value that we challenge the world to equal in underwear of this grade. We made a lucky purchase—got a big stock at a price which enables us to mark these union suits at fully a third less than such qualities have sold for.

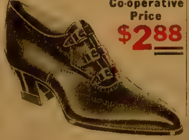
A well-fitting elastic ribbed union suit. Knit from finest selected cotton yarns. Brushed fleeced. Ecru color.

We say it's the World's Biggest Bargain. Sizes 36 to 44.

Order by No. XE1650. Price 95c. Pay on arrival. We pay postage.

Order As Many of These Bargains As You Want. Don't Pay Until the Goods Come

3 Strap Oxford



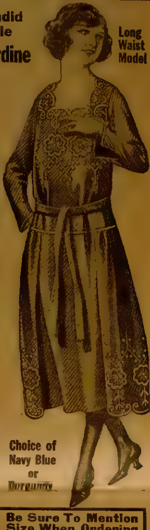
Co-operative Price **$2.88**

Black or Brown Kid finished leather. New perforated wing tip. Flexible leather soles. Military walking heels. Live rubber heels attached. Widths D, E and EE. Sizes 2½ to 8.

Order Brown by No. XA164. Black No. XA156. Pay on arrival. Price $2.88.

Splendid Style

Embroidered Gabardine Dress

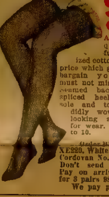

Long Waist Model
Choice of Navy Blue or Burgundy

This charming dress is made of fine quality cotton gabardine cloth in two colors—navy and burgundy. Note the long-waisted bodice effect, pleasingly emphasized by contrasting color piping to match embroidery. The loose panels on sides are scalloped at bottom and embroidered in contrasting color. Blouse also scalloped at neck and embroidered in contrasting color. Bell shaped sleeves and sash belt which ties in front add to give this dress a most chic appearance. Women's sizes, 34 to 46 inch bust, skirt length about 35 inches. Misses' sizes 32 to 38 inch bust, skirt length measured from natural waist line, about 35 inches.

Order Navy Blue by No. XB1380, Burgundy by No. XB1382. Don't send a penny. Pay on arrival. We pay postage.

Co-operative Price **$2.78**

3 Pairs—Fine Cotton Hose



98 Cents

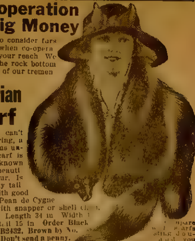
A splendid quality of full mercerized cotton hose at a price which gives you a bargain you simply must not miss. Seamed back. High spliced heel. Double sole and toe. Splendidly woven. Fine looking and great for wear. Sizes 8½ to 10.

Order Black by No. XE220. White No. XE221. Cordovan No. XE222. Don't send a penny. Pay on arrival. Price for 3 pairs 98c. We pay postage.

Be Sure To Mention Size When Ordering

See How Co-operation Saves You Big Money on Furs

No need to consider furs a luxury when co-operation puts them easily within your reach. We go to headquarters, buy at the rock bottom price and give you the benefit of our tremendous savings.



Large Manchurian Wolf Scarf

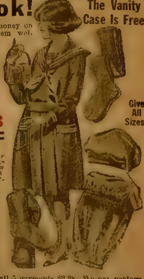
Here's a chance you simply can't let pass. A bargain so alluring, a value so amazing that it seems unbelievable. This splendid scarf is Manchurian Wolf, commonly known as Russian Wolf Dog. Has beautiful long, glossy, soft, black fur. Is made up with head and bushy tail. Lined with good quality Peau de Cygne. Closes with snapper or shell chain fastener. Length 34 in. Width [illegible] in. and tail 15 in. Order Black by No. XB2432. Brown by No. XB2434. Don't send a penny. Pay on arrival. Price $3.69. We pay postage.

Co-operative Price **$3.69**

[illegible] compare [illegible] scarfs [illegible] costing double and you [illegible] see what an amazing value it is.

Mothers, Look!

See how co-operation helps you to save money on the children's clothing and to keep them well dressed in good quality stylish garments.


The Vanity Case Is Free
Give All Sizes

Girls' Complete 5-Piece Outfit
(A Vanity Case FREE)

Positively the most amazing value in girls' outfits ever offered. Your opportunity to dress the child from head to foot for only $2.98. Surely you will not miss such a chance.

Co-operative Price **$2.98**

Ideal School Clothes

Sailor Style Dress, good quality Navy blue serge with sailor collar, cuffs and pockets trimmed with [illegible] rows white braid. Red bow [illegible] Shield with emblem. Box plaited skirt.

Black Sateen Bloomers of fine quality. Ruffle at knee.

2 Pairs Stockings, fine gauge, black cotton, ribbed yarn.

Tam, choice of red or navy cloth. (State which color you want.)

Sizes 7 to 14 Years

FREE. Beautiful fitted Vanity Case. This comes with the outfit. Something [illegible] will be proud to carry.

Send Your Order NOW

We provided a large supply of these outfits but they are going fast, and school time is here. Order by No. XB1196. Don't send a penny. Pay on arrival. Price for all 5 garments $2.98. We pay postage.

LEONARD-MORTON & CO.
Controlled by THE CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY OF AMERICA
Dept. 18 Chicago, Ill.

The Chink

(Concluded From Page 4.)

the offer. In it he saw, first of all, an opportunity to increase his remittances to Yungsui, and secondly, the independence which had been his dream for years.

The cook's comparatively happy demeanor was noticed at once by Wo Lung the following morning. But, characteristically, the restaurant keeper delayed remarks until the postman lent them cause by tossing a letter thru the door onto the cigar case.

"It is for you," said Wo Lung. "From Yungsui, by the Hong-Kong stamp."

Lo Kiang smiled as he received the letter.

"You are happy this morning," suggested old Wo Lung.

Lo Kiang held the unopened letter in his hand while he told his employer the history of the preceding night. Sincere delight beamed from Wo Lung's eyes.

"My good wishes are with you, Lo Kiang," he said. "I shall lose a good cook, but for you I am very glad."

Lo Kiang tore open the envelope, and Wo Lung turned to arrange his stock of canned goods on the shelf behind the counter.

"By the way," went on the restaurant keeper, "I expect a caller today—an old friend whom I knew in Shanghai ten years ago. Tonight I will sit with him at dinner. And Lo Kiang, if I remember rightly, my friend prefers the liquor drained from his chow mein. In some ways he is peculiar, but he is wealthy. Some day you will be wealthy, and——"

Rambling on in this fashion, Wo Lung suddenly was startled by an exclamation, a little ejaculation laden with pain. When he turned, he beheld a Lo Kiang whose shoulders sagged again with the old air of hopelessness. Silently, Lo Kiang extended the letter. It read:

> Most Illustrious: It is my great pride to inform that your inspired son has passed the Chugen test and is now waiting tuition for the great metropolitan test which admits to the grand academy of literature and a Pekin office. I, your unworthy friend, have made arrangements for his teaching by a staff of the best educators of Pekin schools. These, that they are, would have me pay them one hundred and ninety-five yuen. With fear in my insignificant heart I request this enormous amount for the furtherance of your son's glorious career.
>
> SHUN FEH

"Well?" asked Wo Lung when he had finished.

"One hundred and ninety-five yuen," said Lo Kiang tonelessly, "is one hundred and ninety-five dollars."

"But you cannot intend to send that amount?"

"Yes," said Lo Kiang simply.

Wo Lung snorted. "For sixteen years," he declared fiercely, "you have sacrificed yourself to this son. It grows time that you look to your own ends."

"To me it is not a sacrifice," said Lo Kiang patiently. "When Wong Gow comes I will tell him."

WO LUNG'S persuasive powers proved futile. Promptly at 3 o'clock Gow called.

"But this is foolish," he protested, after he had heard Lo Kiang's statement. "Within a few months you can again send money to this son—more money than ever before."

"This money is needed at once," replied the other quietly. "The tests are given but once in a long period. My thanks, Wong Gow, but I must refuse."

"You would not be that unwise," said the merchant confidently. "I will give you further time. Tomorrow I shall come back."

He left Lo Kiang standing by a table, a pathetic figure of a man grown suddenly very old but, withal, a man whose final decision has been made. After a time, Lo Kiang entered the kitchen, filled a pan with potatoes and with these and a knife, seated himself on the back step in the alley. The potato peeling progressed slowly. He was not more than half thru his task an hour later when he heard voices in the kitchen. Wo Lung's wealthy friend from Shanghai, he decided. Then he heard his own name, pronounced by a voice strangely familiar.

The screen creaked. Lo Kiang turned his head; the knife fell with a clatter into the pan. In the doorway stood Foo Gan, now clothed in a neat American business suit, his upper lip adorned by a thin gray mustache, a few wrinkles on his cheeks and a new portliness about his waist, but still the Foo Gan of Shinchau, the Foo Gan of Lo Kiang's memory, changed in few respects.

"Greetings, Lo Kiang!" said Foo Gan, after a clumsy pause.

Of the three hundred precepts of punctilio set forth in the classics for use on such occasions, Lo Kiang was at a loss to choose even one.

"I hope you have eaten well," he said at last, and became silent, his mind on the present unfulfilment of a certain boast he had made sixteen years ago in Shinchau. He strove to direct the subsequent conversation into channels that would permit of a graceful explanation, but the visitor was preparing to turn back into the restaurant before Lo Kiang remarked with careless unconcern, but with an underlying trace of defiance:

"Had you delayed your visit longer, Foo Gan, I might have received you in an establishment of my own. But I have devoted little time to my own fortunes since leaving Yungsui. Were it not for my son I might now entertain you as I once promised."

"No man succeeds at once," said Foo Gan courteously. "But what has your son to do with it?"

"All my earnings since I departed have gone to Yungsui," explained Lo Kiang.

Foo Gan regarded him with amazement.

"What foolishness!" he exclaimed.

"Foolishness?"

"Foolishness, certainly," declared Foo Gan. "You must know that your wife and son died in the great floods of fourteen years ago."

Lo Kiang stared, his hands fumbling nervelessly in the potato pan.

"Dead?" he heard himself say, his voice seeming to come from far distances. "Why, then—Shan Fuh——"

"Shan Fuh," said Foo Gan, "has prospered greatly. For years he has been living in luxury at Yungsui."

Riders of the Purple Sage

(Continued From Page 13)

"I reckon I won't take time to tell you."

"Couldn't we slip by without being seen?"

"Likely enough. But that ain't my game. An' I'd like to know, in case I don't come back, what you'll do?"

"What can I do?"

"I reckon you can go back to Tull. Or stay in the Pass an' be taken off by rustlers. Which'll you do?"

"I don't know. I can't think very well. But I believe I'd rather be taken off by rustlers."

Lassiter sat down, put his head in his hands, and remained for a few moments in what appeared to be deep and painful thought. When he lifted his face it was haggard, lined, cold as sculptured marble.

"I'll go. I only mentioned that chance of my not comin' back. I'm pretty sure to come."

"Need you risk so much? Must you fight more? Haven't you shed enough blood?"

"I'd like to tell you why I'm goin'," he continued, in coldness he had seldom used to her. She remarked it, but it was the same to her as if he had spoken with his old gentle warmth. "But I reckon I won't. Only, I'll say that mercy an' goodness, such as is in you, tho they're the grand things in human nature, can't be lived up to on this Utah border. Life's hell out here. You think—or you used to think—that your religion made this life Heaven. Mebbe them scales on your eyes has dropped now. Jane, I wouldn't have you different, an' that's why I'm goin' to try to hide you somewhere in this Pass. I'd like to hide many more women, for I've come to see there are more like you among your people. An' I'd like to see jest how hard an' cruel this border life is. It's bloody.

"You'd think churches an' churchmen would make it better. They make it worse. You give names to things—bishops, elders, ministers, Mormonism, duty, faith, glory. You dream—for you've been made—I'm a man an' I name fanatics, followers, blind women, oppressors, thieves, ranchers, rustlers, riders. An' we have—what you've lived thru these last months. It can't be helped. But it can't last always. An' remember this—some day the border'll be better, cleaner, for the ways of men like Lassiter!"

She saw him draw his tall form erect, look at her strangely and steadfastly, and then, noiselessly, stealthily slip away amid the rocks and trees. Ring and Whitie, not being bidden to follow, remained with Jane. She felt extreme weariness, yet somehow it did not seem to be of her body. And she sat down in the shade and tried to think. She saw a creeping lizard, cactus flowers, the drooping burros, the restless dogs, an eagle high over a yellow crag. Once the meanest flower, a color, the flight of a bee, or any living thing had given her deepest joy. Lassiter had gone off, yielding to his incurable blood lust, probably to his own death; and she was sorry, but there was no feeling in her sorrow.

Suddenly from the mouth of the canyon just beyond her rang out a clear, sharp report of a rifle. Echoes clapped. Then followed a piercing high yell of anguish, quickly breaking. Again echoes slapped, in grim imitation. Dull revolver shots—hoarse yells—pound of hoofs—shrill neighs of horses—commingling of echoes—and again silence! Lassiter must be busily engaged, thought Jane, and no chill trembled over her, no blanching tightened her skin.

Yes, the border was a bloody place. But life had always been bloody. Men were blood-spillers. Phases of the history of the world flashed thru her mind—Greek and Roman wars, dark, mediaeval times, the crimes in the name of religion. On sea, on land, everywhere—shooting, stabbing, cursing, clashing, fighting men! Greed, power, oppression, fanaticism, love, revenge, justice, freedom—for these, men killed one another.

She lay there under the cedars, gazing up thru the delicate lace-like foliage at the blue sky, and she thought and wondered and did not care.

MORE rattling shots disturbed the noonday quiet. She heard a sliding of weathered rock, a hoarse shout of warning, a yell of alarm, again the clear, sharp crack of the rifle, and another cry that was a cry of death. Then rifle reports pierced a dull volley of revolver shots. Bullets whizzed over Jane's hiding place; one struck a stone and whined away in the air. After that, for a time, succeeded desultory shots; and heavier guns.

Sooner or later, then, Jane heard the cracking of horses' hoofs on the stones, and the sound came nearer and nearer. Silence intervened until Lassiter's soft, jingling step assured her of his approach. When he appeared he was covered with blood.

"All right, Jane," he said. "I come back. An' don't worry."

With water from a canteen he washed the blood from his face and hands.

"Jane, hurry now. Tear my scarf in two, an' tie up these places. That hole thru my hand is some inconvenient, worse'n this cut over my ear. There—you're doin' fine! Not a bit nervous—no tremblin'. I reckon I ain't done your courage justice. I'm glad you're brave jest now—you'll need to be. Well, I was hid pretty good, enough to keep them from shootin' me deep, but they was slingin' lead close all the time. I used up all the rifle shells, an' then I went after them. Mebbe you heard. It was then I got hit. I had to use up every shell in my own guns, 'an they did, too, as I seen. Rustlers an' Mormons, Jane! An' now I'm packin' five bullet holes in my carcass, an' guns without shells. Hurry, now."

He unstrapped the saddle-bags from the burros, slipped the saddles and let them lie, turned the burros loose, and, calling the dogs, led the way thru stones and cedars to an open where two horses stood.

"Jane, are you strong?" he asked.

"I think so. I'm not tired," Jane replied.

"I don't mean that way. Can you bear up?"

"I think I can bear anything."

"I reckon you look a little cold an' thick. So I'm preparin' you."

"For what?"

"I didn't tell you why I jest had to go after them fellers. I couldn't tell you. I believe you'd have died. But I can tell you now—if you'll bear up a shock?"

"Go on, my friend."

"I've got little Fay! Alive—bad hurt—but she'll live!"

Jane Withersteen's dead-locked feeling, rent by Lassiter's deep, quivering voice, leaped into an agony of sensitive life.

"Here," he added, and showed her where little Fay lay on the grass.

Unable to speak, unable to stand, Jane dropped on her knees. By that long, beautiful golden hair Jane recognized the beloved Fay. But Fay's loveliness was gone. Her face was drawn and looked old with grief. But she was not dead—her heart beat—and Jane Withersteen gathered strength and lived again.

"You see I jest had to go after Fay," Lassiter was saying, as he knelt to bathe her little pale face. "But I reckon I don't want no more choices like the one I had to make. There was a crippled feller in that bunch, Jane. Mebbe Venters crippled him. Anyway, that's why they were holdin' up here. I seen little Fay first thing, an' was hard put to it to figure out a way to get her. An' I wanted hosses, too. I had to take chances. So I crawled close to their camp. One feller jumped a hoss with little Fay, an' when I shot him, of course, she dropped. She's stunned an' bruised—she fell right on her head——Jane, she's comin' to! She ain't bad hurt!"

Fay's long lashes fluttered; her eyes opened. At first they seemed glazed over. They looked dazed by pain. Then they quickened, darkened, to shine with intelligence—bewilderment—memory—and sudden wonderful joy.

"Muvver—Jane!" she whispered.

"Oh, little Fay, little Fay!" cried Jane, lifting, clasping the child to her

"Now, we've got to rustle!" said Lassiter, in grim coolness. "Jane, look down the Pass'"

Across the mounds of rock and sage Jane caught sight of a band of riders fling out of the narrow neck of the Pass; and in the lead was a white horse, which, even at a distance of a mile or more, she knew.

"Tull!" she almost screamed.

"I reckon. But Jane, we've still got the game in our hands. They're ridin' tired hosses. Venters likely give them a chase. He wouldn't forget that. An' we've fresh hosses."

Hurriedly he strapped on the saddle-bags, gave quick glance to girths and cinches and stirrups, then leaped astride.

"Lift little Fay up," he said.

With shaking arms Jane complied.

"Get back your nerve, woman! This's life or death now. Mind that. Climb up! Keep your wits. Stick close to me. Watch where your hoss's goin' an' ride!"

Somehow Jane mounted; somehow found strength to hold the reins, to spur, to cling on, to ride. A horrible quaking, craven fear possessed her soul.

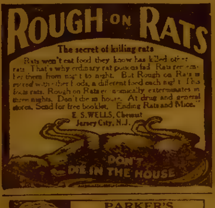
Lassiter led the swift flight across the wide space, over washes, thru sage, into a narrow canyon where the rapid clatter of hoofs rapped sharply from the walls. The wind roared in her ears; the gleaming cliffs swept by; trail and sage and grass moved under her. Lassiter's bandaged, blood-stained face turned to her; he shouted encouragement; he looked back down the Pass; he spurred his horse.

Jane clung on, spurring likewise. And the horses settled from hard, furious gallop into a long-striding, driving run. She had never ridden at anything like that pace; desperately she tried to get the swing of the horse, to be of some help to him in that race, to see the best of the ground and guide him into it. But she failed of everything except to keep her seat in the saddle, and to spur and spur.

At times she closed her eyes, unable to bear sight of Fay's golden curls streaming in the wind. She could not pray; she could not rail; she no longer cared for herself. All of life, of good, of use in the world, of hope in heaven centered in Lassiter's ride with little Fay to safety. She would have tried to turn the iron-jawed brute she rode; she would have given herself to the relentless, dark-browed Tull. But she knew Lassiter would turn with her, so she rode on and on.

Whether that run was of moments or hours Jane Withersteen could not tell. Lassiter's horse covered her with froth that blew back in white streams. Both horses ran their limit, were allowed to slow down in time to save them, and went on dripping, heaving, staggering.

"Oh! Lassiter, we must run—we must run!"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He looked back, saying nothing. The bandage had blown from his head, and blood trickled down his face. He was bowing under the strain of injuries of the ride, of his burden. Yet how cool and gray he looked—how intrepid!

The horses walked, trotted, galloped, ran, to fall again to walk. Hours sped or dragged. Time was an instant—an eternity. Jane Withersteen felt hell pursuing her, and dared not look back for fear she would fall from her horse.

"Oh, Lassiter! Is he coming?"

The grim rider looked over his shoulder, but said no word. Little Fay's golden hair floated on the breeze. The sun shone; the walls gleamed; the sage glistened. And then it seemed the sun vanished, the walls shaded, the sage paled. The horses walked—trotted—galloped—ran—to fall again to walk. Shadows gathered under shelving cliffs. The canyon turned, brightened, opened into long, wide, wall-inclosed valley. Again the sun, lowering in the west, reddened the sage. Far ahead round, scrawled stones appeared to block the Pass.

"Bear up, Jane, bear up!" called Lassiter. "It's our game, if you don't weaken."

"Lassiter! Go on—alone! Save little Fay!"

"Only with you!"

"Oh!—I'm a coward—a miserable coward! I can't fight or think or hope or pray! I'm lost! Oh, Lassiter, look back! Is he coming? I'll not—hold out——"

"Keep your breath, woman, an' ride not for yourself or for me, but for Fay!"

A last breaking run across the sage brought Lassiter's horse to a walk.

"He's done," said the rider.

"Oh, no—no!" moaned Jane.

"Look back, look back. Three—four miles we've come across this valley, an' no Tull yet in sight. Only a few miles more!"

Jane looked back over the long stretch of sage, and found the narrow gap in the wall, out of which came a file of dark horses with a white horse in the lead. Sight of the riders acted upon Jane as a stimulant. The weight of cold, horrible terror lessened. And, gazing forward at the dogs, at Lassiter's limping horse, at the blood on his face, at the rocks growing nearer, last at Fay's golden hair, the ice left her veins, and slowly, strangely, she gained hold of strength that she believed would see her to the safety Lassiter promised. And, as she gazed, Lassiter's horse stumbled and fell.

He swung his leg and slipped from the saddle.

"Jane, take the child," he said, and lifted Fay up. Jane clasped her with arms suddenly strong. "They're gainin'," went on Lassiter, as he watched the pursuing riders. "But we'll beat 'em yet."

TURNING with Jane's bridle in his hand, he was about to start when he saw the saddle-bag on the fallen horse.

"I've jest about got time," he muttered, and with swift fingers that did not blunder or fumble he loosened the bag and threw it over his shoulder. Then he started to run, leading Jane's horse, and he ran, and trotted, and walked, and ran again. Close ahead now Jane saw a rise of bare rock. Lassiter reached it, searched along the base, and, finding a low place dragged the weary horse up and over round, smooth stone. Looking backward, Jane saw Tull's white horse not a mile distant, with riders strung out in a long line behind him. Looking forward, she saw more valley to the right, and to the left a towering cliff. Lassiter pulled the horse and kept on.

Little Fay lay in her arms with wide open eyes—eyes which were still shadowed by pain, but no longer fixed, glazed in terror. The golden curls blew across Jane's lips; the little hands feebly clasped her arm; a ghost of a troubled, trustful smile hovered round the sweet lips. And Jane Withersteen awoke to the spirit of a lioness.

Lassiter was leading the horse up a smooth slope toward cedar-trees of twisted and bleached appearance. Among these he halted.

"Jane, give me the girl an' get down," he said. As if it wrenched him he unbuckled the empty black guns with a strange air of finality. He then received Fay in his arms and stood a moment looking backward. Tull's white horse mounted the ridge of round stone, and several bays or blacks followed. "I wonder what he'll think when he sees them empty guns. Jane, bring your saddle-bag and climb after me."

A glistening, wonderful bare slope, with little holes, swelled up and up to lose itself in a frowning yellow cliff. Jane closely watched her steps and climbed behind Lassiter. He moved slowly. Perhaps he was only husbanding his strength. But she saw drops of blood on the stone, and then she knew. They climbed and climbed without looking back. Her breast labored; she began to feel as if little points of fiery steel were penetrating her side into her lungs. She heard the panting of Lassiter, and the quicker panting of the dogs.

"Wait—here," he said.

Before her rose a bulge of stone, nicked with little cut steps, and above that a corner of yellow wall, and overhanging that a vast, ponderous cliff.

The dogs pattered up, disappeared round the corner. Lassiter mounted the steps with Fay, and he swayed like a drunken man, and, he, too, disappeared. But instantly he returned alone, and half ran, half slipped down to her.

Then from below pealed up hoarse shouts of angry men. Tull and several of his riders had reached the spot where Lassiter had parted with his guns.

"You'll need that breath—mebbe!" said Lassiter, facing forward, with glittering eyes.

"Now, Jane, the last pull," he went on. "Walk up them little steps. I'll follow an' steady you. Don't think. Jest go. Little Fay's above. Her eyes are open. She jest said to me, 'Where's muvver Jane?' "

He pushed her around the corner of wall. Fay lay, with wide staring eyes, in the shade of a gloomy wall. The dogs waited. Lassiter picked up the child and turned into a dark cleft. It zigzagged. It widened. It opened. Jane was amazed at a wonderfully smooth and steep incline leading up between ruined, splintered, toppling walls. A red haze from the setting sun filled this passage.

Lassiter climbed with slow, measured steps, and blood dripped from him to make splotches on the white stone. Jane tried not to step in his blood, but was compelled, for she found no other footing. The saddle-bag began to drag her down; she gasped for breath; she thought her heart was bursting. Slower, slower yet the rider climbed, whistling as he breathed. The incline widened. Huge pinnacles and monuments of stone stood alone, leaning fearfully. Red sunset haze shone thru cracks where the wall had split.

Jane did not look high, but she felt the overshadowing of broken rims above. She felt that it was a fearful, menacing place. And she climbed on in heart-rending effort. And she fell beside Lassiter and Fay at the top of the incline on a narrow, smooth divide.

He staggered to his feet—staggered to a huge, leaning rock that rested on a small pedestal. He put his hand on it—the hand that had been shot thru—and Jane saw blood drip from the ragged hole. Then he fell

"Jane—I—can't—do—it!" he whispered.

"What?"

"Roll the—stone! . . . All my—life I've loved—to roll stones—an' now I—can't!"

"What of it? You talk strangely. Why roll that stone?"

"I planned to—fetch you here—to roll this stone. See! It'll smash the crags—loosen the walls—close the outlet!"

As Jane Withersteen gazed down that long incline, walled in by crumbling cliffs, awaiting only the slightest jar to make them fall asunder, she saw Tull appear at the bottom and begin to climb. A rider followed him—another—and another.

"See! Tull! The riders!"

"Yes—they'll get us—now."

"Why? Haven't you strength left to roll the stone?"

"Jane—it ain't that—I've lost my nerve'"

"You' . . . Lassiter!"

"I wanted to roll it—meant to—but I — can't. Venter's valley is down behind here We could—live there. But if I roll the stone—we're shut in for always. I don't dare. I'm thinkin' of you!"

"Lassiter! Roll the stone!" she cried.

He arose, tottering, but with set face, and again he placed the bloody hand on the Balancing Rock. Jane Withersteen gazed from him down the passageway. Tull was climbing. Almost, she thought, she saw his dark, relentless face. Behind him more riders climbed. What did they mean for Fay—for Lassiter—for herself?

"Roll the stone! . . . Lassiter, I love you!"

Under all his deathly pallor, and the blood, and the iron of seared cheek and lined brow, worked a great change. He placed both hands on the rock and then leaned his shoulder there and braced his powerful body.

"ROLL THE STONE!"

It stirred, it groaned, it grated, it moved; and with a slow grinding, as of wrathful relief, began to lean. It had waited ages to fall, and now was slow in starting. Then, as if suddenly instinct with life, it leaped hurtlingly down to alight on the steep incline, to bound more swiftly into the air, to gather momentum, to plunge into the lofty leaning crag below.

The crag thundered into atoms. A wave of air—a splitting shock! Dust shrouded the sunset red of shaking rims; dust shrouded Tull as he fell on his knees with uplifted arms. Shafts and monuments and sections of wall fell majestically.

From the depths there rose a long-drawn rumbling roar. The outlet to Deception Pass closed forever.

THE END

* * *

His Busy Day.

HE HAD been run over by an auto and taken to the hospital. The doctors had found it a serious case, and they told the patient that he might not live a day. When they asked him if he had any friends or relatives, who would come to see him, he replied:

"Not a darned one! If anybody should come here and ask for me, you can tell them it is my busy day in dying, and I don't want to be disturbed."

Fifth On the List

(Concluded From Page 2.)

Good! It was exactly what he had made it out to be in the semi-darkness—a square trunk. He raised the cover and as he did so a tiny block of wood tumbled to the carpet. With his hand he groped within. Excellent! No tray—and empty as well. This would be a safe refuge while the fool outside should either knock or go on about his or her business.

HE STEPPED in with his right foot and followed with his left. Then he sunk to his knees and allowed the cover to drop slowly till an opening of only an inch in height remained. He listened.

"Rap-rap-rap," came from the panel of the door. Then a voice exclaimed, "Estelle? May we come in a minute? Have you gone to bed yet?"

No answer.

"She's asleep," continued the voice to some one else. "We'd better not disturb her. It's late."

The footsteps left the region of the door. "Better to wait two or three minutes," thought Eddie, "till everything's quiet again, before tackling the job These fools might change their minds and come back." He let the heavy lid rest on his shoulders and altered his position a trifle.

"Click!" went the spring fastening on the "trunk" as the upper half of the mechanism came in contact with the lower half and locked the cover shut.

"Oh—Oh—God!" screamed Mademoiselle Estelle Le Comte, snake charmer at the Hippodrome, next morning as she went to examine her newest python and found him coiled tightly around the neck of a little man whose face was unrecognizable on account of its purplish-black hue, its bulging eyeballs, and its protruding tongue.

* * *

This Often Happens.

IT WAS the night of the grand concert, and approaching the hour at which it had been advertised to commence. Blobb and Blabbs had taken tremendous pains over it. Almost as much pain as it would give to the people who came to listen to it. They had engaged an enormous hall, with a seating capacity of 3,000, and expected to make a profit of many hundreds of dollars.

At 7 o'clock the money takers, ticket takers, ushers and attendants were assembled en masse in the hall. Then came the following scene:

"Money takers all ready?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Ticket takers all ready?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Ushers and attendants stand by the door!"

"Right, sir!"

"Now open the doors."

The iron doors crashed open.

There was a terrific gust of wind as two small boys entered.

"Please, mister," said a tiny voice, "can we both get in on this free pass?"

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The World at His Mercy

(Continued From Page 8)

mand to make this thing effective over a radius of about ten miles, and your ship and the convoying warship will be the only ones thus affected.

This is merely done to give you full proofs of the authenticity of the person who comes to you to claim your cargo of gold in my name.

At daylight, if you are fully provisioned for such a long voyage, you will proceed to sea with your objective point, or port of call, being situated at 10 degrees 30 minutes west longitude and 53 degrees 30 minutes south latitude, approximately.

If not fully prepared to undertake this lengthy voyage you must make haste to do so. Time is now an important factor if you would have the gold reach me before midnight of the 31st.

Otherwise the New Year 2000 will begin, at the very first minute of its birth, under terrible and trying state of affairs and conditions.

My agent will at the proper time, and when you are in the above named place, cause your electric plants to cease the generation of electricity on board your ships for a period of ten minutes to convince you beyond any doubts that he is the legal representative of the

King of the World,
MARTIAN RAY.

Now who could doubt the entire authenticity of the letter and its accompanying card whose counterpart would be presented by an authorized agent of the "king of the world," Martian Ray? Certainly the latest wireless message was of a confirmatory nature. But look back upon the message and see the place designated by this Martian Ray as to where the Starland was to proceed to.

The designated longitude and latitude were over two thousand miles distant from the port of Buenos Aires, Argentina, a long voyage to undertake in these strange seas. What would they find at that point? The stronghold of this unknown, mysterious and all-powerful person, Martian Ray? Who could say?

If the reader will gaze at a map of that part of the world designated in the message as 10 degrees 30 minutes west longitude and 53 degrees 30 minutes south latitude you will find nothing there but a vast waste of unfathomable waters in the south Atlantic ocean. There is no land charted there for many miles in all directions.

How, then, was Captain Simpson going to hand over his golden cargo? How was Martian Ray, or his agent, going to transport it from there to its destination? Or would the Starland get further sailing orders when she should arrive in the neighborhood of that longitude and latitude, to proceed to some other place, where, perhaps, there was land? Or was there some uncharted land or island of volcanic origin at the given position? Perhaps yes, and again perhaps no. 'Twas all a gamble, and no one able to even guess a possible answer.

As luck or chance would have it both ships were provisioned to capacity, both as to human and mechanical consumption, and thus in a position to pull up their anchors at daybreak and turn their bows to that mysterious far-away port where there was no land charted upon the maps.

ABOUT half an hour before sunrise an observer, looking towards the treasure ship Starland and the warship Washington, might have noticed clouds of heavy, jet-black smoke pouring from every funnel of these two ships. Their fires were being worked to full capacity for the purpose of getting up a full-head of steam in each of their many powerful boilers, in readiness for the call that would soon be made upon their steam pressure by the powerful turbines when the minute for steaming away should at last arrive. And that minute would be as soon as the sun should bob up over the eastern horizon.

Just as the first faint rays of the rising sun were beginning to light up the eastern sky in a riot and glory of ever-changing colors, the port of Buenos Aires woke up, tho it was yet a long while from the usual hour of performing that daily, matutinal function.

But as this was to be an epoch-making day for the inhabitants of Buenos Aires, and for the whole western world, for that matter; that was the reason for its early wake from slumber. Tho the wireless from Martian Ray, announcing the sailing time and destination of the Starland and her convoy, was received at 1 a. m., just a couple of hours previously and when everybody is supposed to be fast asleep, yet by some mysterious manner the news had been told and retold to nearly everyone, apparently. And all were up betimes to bid the two ships farewell and God-speed on this last lap of their "voyage of deliverance"—delivering them from the clutch of Martian Ray.

All classes of people, rich and poor alike, were up to greet the rising sun, and what a splendid, spectacular sunrise it proved to be.

It seemed as if the sun, too, was eager to celebrate with all his power and majesty the memorable day By rising up in his most festive array and splendor.

The good ship Starland, with hundreds of millions in gold within her strongroom, was about to depart, in the company of her convoy the dreadnaught Washington, under orders from the "king of the world," Martian Ray, for a somewhat mysterious destination to deliver an enormous sum in gold to an equally mysterious personage, who, in default of reveiving this gold by midnight of the 31st, which was now about nine days away, would mercilessly cause the horrible tragedy for bloody drama of last Hallowe'en night to be repeated; and, perhaps, if we should give him cause to repeat it would cause it to perform on and on indefinitely.

Heaven grant that he receives the treasure in plenty of time to satisfy him, so that he may let us abide in quiet and peace.

Well, just as the glorious sun was peeking up over the horizon, and as if this was a prearranged signal, flags broke out at the mastheads of all ships lying in the river basin. Each ship was soon dressed in gay holiday attire to celebrate the day—the departure of two ships from their last port of call, and bound for no one knew exactly where.

Simultaneously the Starland and the Washington, both gayly dressed with national and multi-colored signal flags fluttering from stem to stern and Old Glory trailing over their taffrails, were momentarily gaining headway as the forward thrust of their mighty propellers drove them thru the quiet waters of the Rio de la Plata.

As soon as the two departing ships, whom thousands of human beings were watching, were in a straight line and heading out to sea, the same unearthly pandemonium of noise that had marked their departures out of the port of New York, nearly a full month before, was now repeated here. The same loud siren-throated farewells greeted the gallant ships on every hand as they steamed majestically out to sea thru the waters of the Rio de la Plata prior to finally reaching the open Atlantic Ocean a few hours later.

In due course of time they bore away in a straight course for their intended destination—53 degrees 30 minutes south latitude, and 10 degrees 30 minutes west longitude. And as the sun mounted higher and higher in the heavens the two ships grew smaller and ever smaller until they dipped out of sight below the horizon, reeling off their thirty and more knots per hour.

'Surely no ship, ancient or modern, that ever sailed the seas ever carried a greater treasure in her hold, than the Starland. No Spanish galleon of olden times ever carried across the sea one small part of this tremendous wealth.

Surely the shades of those old, departed and infamous buccaneers who roamed the seven seas in quest of some treasure-laden vessel, would now sadly lament and curse their fate, if, perchance, they were still roaming the air in everlasting and restless wanderings.

What would these red-handed gentlemen who once sailed under the black flag—the skull and crossbones—the "Jolly Rogers"—not have given to have had such a treasure-laden ship come their way in their good old-fashioned way?

Surely the bones of these old pirates must be rattling in their graves at the very knowledge that such a tremendous cargo of gold was afloat upon the stormy bosom of the South Atlantic.

And wasn't this Martian Ray as red-handed a pirate, as merciless a buccaneer as ever sailed under the skull and crossbones? Yes, verily, he was, even a master buccaneer.

Wasn't it thru him, thru his mighty and mysterious power that the Starland was now headed for him with its cargo of gold? Certainly no pirate of old ever had such a power over a law-abiding humanity.

LET'S now go back and follow the destinies of the Starland and her convoy, the Washington, as they steamed at full speed thru the heaving waters of the broad Atlantic Ocean.

As already stated they had a voyage before them of over two thousand miles in length. And would they come to the end of their voyage when they should arrive at the position they were now headed for? And what would they find when they should eventually arrive there? Nothing but an open expanse of heaving, bottomless waters, according to the latest charts.

If nothing happened to delay them, and they continued to reel off their full number of knots every twenty-four hours, they should arrive in the neighborhood of their present objective point on the morning of Dec. 25—Christmas day. This was also according to Martian Ray's schedule, as outlined in his sailing orders.

Once they were out of sight of the coast line they met and passed few ships. And the few they did pass were always beyond hailing distance.

Christmas eve, the 24th, their third day out from Buenos Aires, passed uneventfully. No ships of any kind were sighted, not even a smoke bank to show that some great liner was plowing the waters below their horizon. This but brought home to the crews of both ships the full knowledge that they were indeed steaming thru strange and untraveled seas.

Evidently, ships that plowed these waters were few and far between. They were indeed steaming far away from the beaten tracks or sea lanes of commerce. Perhaps they were the first ships of their kind that had ever plowed those waters.

But those two gallant ships cared not for that, they reeled off knot after knot as they steadily forged ahead thru those unfamiliar, unfathomed wastes of dark-green waters, drawing nearer and ever nearer to their destination. Never a sight of land did the crew glimpse.

The observation taken at noon of the 24th showed that they would bring up with the position named by Martian Ray as their destination at about 6 o'clock next morning—Christmas morning—if all went as well.

When daylight arrived on that Christmas morning, which was at an early hour in that southern latitude, corresponding to a mid-June sunrise in northern latitudes, everybody not held below by duty was on deck to see what would now happen. Speculation and conjectures were rife among the crews as to what they would probably witness within the next few hours.

True to schedule—6 o'clock—the ships arrived at the designated position as given by Martian Ray in his last message. And true to expectation, no land of any kind was visible in any direction; not even an uncharted island was there to meet the curious gaze of the sailors. And their mystification grew in proportion to their thoughts as they wondered what would happen next. Had they been ordered out on a "wild goose chase?" How were they going to deliver the cargo of gold at this place? Were they to dump it wantonly over the side into the unfathomable depths of the ocean?

Now that they had arrived at their destination they were as much at sea as ever. Apparently 'twas a case of "Where do we go from here?" or "All dressed up and nowhere to go." But as that was the particular place they had been ordered to, there was nothing else to do but to stop the engines and lay to, awaiting further orders or other developments from the ever mysterious Martian Ray.

In order to maintain steerageway the engines were worked at a slow speed while awaiting developments, the nature of which they were not prepared to even form a guess. In this manner they steamed slowly around in circles, awaiting, perhaps, for the crack o' doom.

Presently, however, something occured to put everyone on the alert. The propellers ceased turning, all at once, and without orders from the bridge. What could have happened down in the engine rooms? Word soon came from the chief engineer that the steam turbines had to be stopped because the dynamos and motors were acting strangely, just as strange and mysterious, in fact, as on the evening of last Hallowe'en night. The electrical generating machinery was out of commission for some strange and unknown cause Both ships, about a quarter of a mile apart, were experiencing the same weird trouble in their dynamo-rooms.

Was this a sign that the authorized agent of Martian Ray was approaching? Apparently, yes. For had not the "king of the world" foretold of just such a performance. But where was this agent of Martian Ray at the present moment? Was he invisible? Was he as invisible as that weird power? Where

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was he coming from? From where was this weird influence coming from?

Suddenly, as a lookout aloft gave out an alarming cry or warning, "periscope of submarine off to the south," all eyes were instantly turned in that direction.

Instantly every mind turned to the terrible possibility that they might be torpedoed. Were they going to be held up by some modern pirate in a submarine? They never for a moment thought that it might be the expected agent of Martian Ray who was now approaching in an undersea craft.

However, nothing but breathless waiting could be done until the submarine, which was rapidly nearing the Starland, as her periscope showed, should show her teeth if such was her intention. The Washington, in so far as it was possible under the circumstances, being without "juice," was preparing for action against the approaching submarine if the latter should prove hostile. However, there was not much that she could do in the way of protecting her consort from the oncoming underwater craft. She could not draw nearer nor could she even fire a gun without electricity. She was helpless to defend even herself, let alone her consort, the ship she was there to guard. Their fears soon gave way to relief as they presently realized that the oncoming submarine must belong to Martian Ray by virtue of the presence of the weird phenomenon which no one but Martian Ray or his agent could create.

As the periscope drew near the Starland it was seen to slowly rise out of the water, and finally a large submarine was floating there above water. Everybody drew a full breath of air, for the present at least the menace of a possible torpedo was over.

Presently an opening appeared in the conning-tower of the submarine and a man in a strange uniform and a dark-colored mask upon his face issued forth upon the deck, followed by another man in a slightly different uniform, denoting him to be of inferior rank probably, also with a mask of the same shade hiding his features from the interested gaze of the crews of the two American ships.

The latter man went directly to the foot of a short signaling mast and presently there broke out upon the wind at its masthead a strange and unknown ensign—a flag that no one aboard of the American ships had ever seen before nor knew that such even existed.

It was a simple enough looking flag. It was composed of a pure white field nearly square in shape, and in its center was stamped or embroidered in gold a bird, evidently a dove; and at each corner was a small four-pointed star in silver. Such were the nature and the colors of the strange flag under which this submarine sailed—white, gold and silver.

Was this, then, the ensign, the flag of the "king of the world," Martian Ray? Perhaps this question would soon be answered.

The craft came to a full stop a few fathoms from the Starland and soon the latter ship was hailed by the masked figure who was the first to issue out of the shell of the submarine.

"Ahoy! the Starland!" he bawled out in true nautical style in a strong, clear voice thru a megaphone. "This is his majesty's undersea ship Conqueror, come to take from you the cargo of gold which you have on board and consigned to Martian Ray, the king of the world," he ended.

"If Captain Simpson will come aboard," he resumed after a short pause, "I will show him my credentials and thereby satisfy him of my authority. I am the authorized representative of Martian Ray. Come aboard, Captain Simpson, and we'll get down to business without delay."

CAPTAIN SIMPSON questioned not this procedure, but answered readily that he would go aboard the submarine directly. Without question he took it for granted that this was really the authorized agent of Martian Ray and acted accordingly.

By this time the mysterious phenomenon that had affected the two ships' electrical machinery was no more. The ships had again become "alive" with the restoration of electricity.

The Washington was now observed to be slowly steaming toward the submarine and the Starland, evidently for the purpose of watching at close quarters what was taking place.

Captain Simpson signaled to the warship for a launch, and also that Captain Northcutt should come along, as he wished to consult with the latter regarding the matter in hand.

The signal was seen at once and as quickly obeyed. Within a few minutes the launch was alongside and Captain Simpson went aboard her and was directly taken aboard the submarine, together with Captain Northcutt.

As the two captains stepped aboard the Conqueror they were respectfully received by the uniformed man in the mask who was evidently the commander of the underseas boat.

After the usual civilities were exchanged the two Americans stood mutely for a few minutes, as they gazed here and there with curious interest depicted upon their features. The strange flag that was idly flying in the morning breeze seemed to interest and puzzle the two captains more than did the contour of the submarine's deck.

The masked figure let them gaze about in silence. Then as the captains' gaze wandered back to the masked face the latter spoke in a mild voice:

"Well, Captain Simpson and Captain Northcutt, your long voyage is at an end; you've arrived at your destination and on scheduled time, I'm pleased to see. You now stand upon the deck of his majesty's, Martian Ray's, undersea ship, the Conqueror. There up above us," pointing to the strange flag, "proudly floats his flag, our flag, the future flag of the whole wide world. Soon there shall be but one flag in all the world, and that one flag you now see for the first time will be that world flag," he announced with pride and conviction.

His listeners took all this in as a matter of course and made no remarks.

The speaker then went on, "I think, gentlemen, that enough proof as to my authority has been given to you, but in case you still have any doubts, I'll now show you the countersign card"—turning to Captain Simpson as he reached into his inside breast-pocket and drew out an envelope from which he extracted a card similar in every respect to the one that had come to Captain Simpson by mail back in Buenos Aires—"and if you will compare it with the one you already have in your possession you will find that they both agree in every respect."

Captain Simpson took the card and compared it with his. And altho it could readily be seen that they compared-fully, he spent a few minutes examining them closely.

The masked-figure began speaking again. "I trust that my credentials prove satisfactory to you, Captain Simpson, and that no further time will be lost in transferring the gold from your ship to mine. You already know that your electric-generating machinery was put out of commission even before you sighted us. That was caused by me, or rather by the necessary machinery which we have on board with us," he explained. "So, even with nothing else to show as proof, this one thing should be sufficient, I should imagine. You must remember, captain, that time is getting shorter every minute we stand here idle. No time must be lost if you would wish me to reach his majesty, Martian Ray, before the time limit expires. Because of the fact that I have a long ways to go we must get busy at once."

"Yes, your credentials are satisfactory," Captain Simpson replied, shortly, as he finished comparing the two cards, which were alike as two peas, both as to size and the nature of the strange characters printed thereon. And turning to Captain Northcutt for his viewpoint the latter gave a confirmatory nod.

Thereafter they discussed ways and means for transferring the gold from one ship to the other. This task would not be an easy one to perform. Fortunately there was practically no heavy sea running, only long swells which gently rocked the ships.

The plan finally decided upon was that the submarine should go along the leeward side of the Starland and make fast to her with the necessary hawsers. Then the boxes containing the gold would be lowered down to the deck of the submarine and from there carried below.

Thanks to the calm sea this task was accomplished in record time and without any accident to mar the somewhat hazardous undertaking.

To the oft repeated questions of both Captain Simpson and Captain Northcutt, asking for the solution of some of the mystery which shrouded this submarine and the man who called himself Martian Ray, "king of the world," the masked person who was evidently the commander answered each question by the same phrase: "I'm sorry, gentlemen, but I cannot say anything. Those are my orders. But I can tell you this much, that everything will probably be explained in due time by his majesty, Martian Ray, himself." This was all that could be gotten out of him.

With this cryptic explanation the captains, perforce, ceased their curious questioning. The masked commander of the submarine would explain nothing. He would not even show his visitors thru his ship. "I am under orders from Martian Ray and accordingly cannot act differently than I have already told you," he said with finality.

Only five men in all were to be seen aboard the submarine as the boxes containing the gold were taken aboard and then lowered down into a hatchway. How many more, if any, made up the sub's crew could not be learned. And all five, which number included the commander, wore the same dark-colored masks upon their faces. 'Twas even impossible to even guess as to what nation they belonged, for with the exception of the commander, no word was uttered by the rest. The commander himself, apparently was either English or American.

Why did they wear those masks upon their faces? This question was the subject of much conjecture among the crews of the two American ships.

Perhaps it was simply for the sake of "safety first," to keep their identity a secret; to make impossible their identification at some future date by some of the crew of the two ships, if they, the masked sailors, should ever return to the haunts of their fellow men. They were simply playing safe against possible future contingencies. "Safety first" was their one best play.

When the last box of gold had disappeared into the hold of the submarine the hatch was bolted back in place again and everything made ready for its departure to Martian Ray's headquarters, wherever that might be.

The two captains had by this time returned to their ships. They had taken a mere perfunctory farewell of the sub's commander, feeling rather sore at the latter for his cold reception, in spite of the fact that this was Christmas morning and Captain Simpson had played the role of Santa Clause in every sense. Verily he was Santa Claus if ever there was one. Hadn't he just arrived there and brought a fabulous sum in gold which he had literally made a present of to this mysterious Martian Ray thru his masked agent?

Perhaps, tho, the gold was not received as a Christmas present. And, after all, neither was it so presented.

WHEN all was shipshape aboard the submarine, the hawsers were let go and the latter drew off from the side of the liner. Then with a mere wave or two of the hand towards the two ships the masked commander of the Conqueror, the last person to remain on her deck, disappeared into the conning tower.

Then, slowly and steadily, the Conqueror began to sink beneath the waters of the Atlantic, and with the strange flag yet flying from its one short mast. Slowly this ensign also disappeared from view as the ship sank lower and lower into the water. Finally the top of the periscope was all that was visible, and this seemed to linger there for a few minutes, as if in hesitation, then it, too, disappeared. Nothing now remained to show that the submarine had really been there but a few minutes before.

The fact remained, however, that the strong-room of the Starland was now minus the millions in gold that it recently held. This gold had now literally disappeared into the depths of the unfathomable Atlantic ocean. Yes, the ocean had literally swallowed up this tremendous treasure. But, of course.

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it would again throw it up within the next few days if nothing happened to the undersea craft. Heaven grant that no such dire misfortune attend the submarine. For upon its safe and timely arrival at its mysterious destination hung the fate of many human beings and the welfare of the entire western world.

It was evident that the submarine submerged before starting off on its voyage so as to cover up its "getaway"—to keep secret the direction in which its destination lay. No one could tell whether it went north, south, east or west. Perhaps, when far enough away from the American ships for it to safely come up to the surface and not run the risk of being seen, it would then rise to the surface.

Now their mission was accomplished, the gold handed over to the authorized agent of Martian Ray who was even at the moment swiftly conveying it to him on his own ship, the Conqueror, the two American ships had no further reason to linger there upon the deserted sea.

The commanders of these two ships now decided to put back for home. A wireless message had already been sent to land explaining the safe transferring of the gold to the submarine in charge of the authorized agent of Martian Ray. And this news was being relayed to all parts of the world.

The first port of call on their homeward voyage was by mutual agreement Rio De Janeiro, Brazil, about twenty-seven hundred miles away to the northwest. This course was made necessary on account of their fuel-oil only being sufficient to take them thus far.

So both ships, distant about a half mile and abreast of each other, started off on their long homeward voyage. On account of their oil being rather low they perforce had to steam at moderate speed in order to make the available supply last until they should reach their objective port. And in this manner the first day and night passed entirely uneventfully. Every hour brought them nearer to port by a score or more knots.

So also the submarine was reeling off the knots, and at a remarkable rate, too, as it traveled ever steadily onward on its mysterious course, sometimes submerged and sometimes at the surface.

The second day the two homeward bound American ships found themselves in thick and stormy weather. Their course apparently took them into the very heart of the storm. By night they were being buffeted about by a South Atlantic gale, hundreds of miles from land; and their vital supply of fuel-oil getting ever lower and lower, for now the engines had to be worked full speed in order to make any headway against the storm.

Their homeward voyage was the very opposite, as far as weather conditions were concerned, from their outward bound voyage, which was fairly good all thru.

For three days and nights the storm raged with intense fury. The two ships, big as they were, were tossed about like chips. During that time they made practically no headway and when finally the storm abated on the morning of December 29th, the two ships found themselves yet afloat and in company.

At noon they were able to "shoot the sun" and learn their position. During the past three days the sailing had been done entirely by dead-reckoning, the sun being always out of sight behind the storm clouds. Therefore the sight of the sun at noon of this day was very welcome indeed, and, also, very necessary for the safe navigation of the two stormbound ships

But the officers and crews of the ships were horrified at the result of the observation just taken. It showed that they were yet a long, long way from Rio de Janeiro, the port they were heading for. It also showed that this was the nearest port they could shape a course for. They also realized that their available fuel supply was not enough to carry them thus far. They had only enough to take them about half the distance.

The commanders of the two ships held a council over their predicament and the result was that they should send out an "S. O. S." call for an oil-tanker. Therefore at short intervals of time this wireless signal of distress was flashed from their overhead aerials.

Next morning word was received from Rio de Janeiro that an oil-tanker was being sent out to them from that port and that they would probably meet one another about noon of the next day, December 31st.

True to this schedule the oil-tanker met them shortly after 12 o'clock, noon, on the last day of the year. And the sea being fairly quiet at the time preparations were immediately made for transferring the precious oil from the tank-ship to the liner and the man-o'-war.

MEANWHILE the New Year was at hand. A. D. 2000 was about to begin its reign.

New Year's eve had arrived and those great American cities and towns, those centers of commercial and industrial activities were preparing their annual festivities for greeting and welcoming the Father Time's new-born child.

But the great American public, on this the last evening of the old year, were getting rather restess and uneasy as the hour of midnight drew near. As this hour approached their gay and festive moods began to wane and give place to a feeling of fear, dread and uncertainty. For upon the last stroke of 12 o'clock, midnight, hung grave and dire possibilities. They had not forgotten Martian Ray's last threat—that he would cause to be repeated the strange and mysterious phenomenon of last Hallowe'en night if by the first minute of the new year he had not received the full amount in gold he had demanded.

No word of any kind had come from him. No one knew if the gold had reached him. No one knew if the submarine Conqueror had arrived at its secret destination with the cargo of gold. And because of this terrible uncertainty the public freted, and feared that something had actually happened to the submarine—that perhaps it had failed to arrive at its home port, wherever that happened to be.

The news that a submarine had appeared at 10 degrees 30 minutes west longitude and 53 degrees and 30 minutes south latitude, the position to where the Starland and her convoying ship Washington had been ordered to steam to by Martian Ray, and had there taken on board the entire cargo of gold that the liner had stowed away in her strong-room, and that the submarine was to take it to Martian Ray, was known thruout the world. As already explained this fact was immediately wirelessed by the Starland after the submarine had disappeared on its homeward voyage.

There now remained but an hour ere all should be made known. Only sixty minutes more and this terrible suspense would be over.

What would the end of this hour, the last hour of the dying year, bring? Would it be a message of hope, of good-will from Martian, saying that he had received the gold all in good time? Or would it bring again that deadly and mysterious influence that would "kill" all our electric-generating machinery? Nothing but patient waiting for the inevitable would satisfactorily answer these puzzling questions.

Just a few minutes before midnight, before the old year expired, the task of transferring the oil-fuel was accomplished. The two ships now were about to resume their northward voyage.

Just at this moment, when the new year was taking its first breath of life, these ships, in common with hundreds of others, and, also, every wireless station on the two Americas, was being called by Martian Ray.

Yes, the mysterious being, the "king of the world," was again calling from somewhere out in the world. Perhaps, after all, the world was saved; apparently the submarine with its cargo of hundreds of millions in gold had reached him in time. Otherwise, instead of signaling to us by wireless, he would have sent us that deadly, mysterious and invisible thing, and the electricity, by now, would have been "killed"—strangled—by the weird influence of that nameless thing that he, Martian Ray, was capable of sending out into the world with such direful results.

The midnight message, as received by thousands upon thousands of wireless operators, both ashore and afloat, amature and professional, was as follows:

> H-e-l-l-o, A-m-e-r-i-c-a, h-e-l-l-o! H-e-l-l-o, a-l-l A-m-e-r-i-c-a-n r-e-p-u-b-l-i-c-s, h-e-l-l-o, H-E-L-L-O!
>
> Happy New Year to all.
>
> New Year's greetings to you all from Martian Ray, the king of the world.
>
> I wish you all, my subjects, a happy and prosperous new year that has now begun its reign.
>
> At the same time I take this opportunity to inform you all that my reign has also just begun.
>
> The gold that you have sent me, at my urgent request, has been delivered to me by my agent, but a few hours ago. So for the whole length of the year that has but now begun you may rest easy, and in peace, so far as I'm concerned.
>
> But, my dear subjects, always keep in mind, always remember that on or about the twenty-fifth of next November another ship must begin its voyage down the Atlantic coast of America, collecting from each American republic the same amount in gold as that which I have received. Otherwise you know what to expect at the beginning of the next new year.
>
> From time to time you doubtless will hear from me, as I'll endeavor to keep in touch with you.
>
> My next and immediate field of endeavor lies far away from America. You'll probably hear about me from there.
>
> In conclusion I again express my sincere good wishes to you all for a happy and prosperous new year, 2000.
>
> MARTIAN RAY,
> King of the World.

According to the above the gold was safely delivered. Hence the menace was not to be over us for at least one full year. And perhaps during this year something might happen to effectually remove that menace for good.

But what a cruel joke, what cruel irony lay in that phrase of his about wishing us all a "happy and prosperous new year." Yes, certainly it was hugely ironical to express such wishes upon us after having bled us of our hard-earned dollars to the tune of a hundred millions in gold from the U. S. A. and twenty-five millions from each of the other American republics. And especially so was it ironical when he goes on to remind us that we must repeat the program again before the end of the year.

Well, perhaps, we should be consoled by the knowledge that he was about to turn his attention to other scenes, that some other part of this world was about to feel his weird, mysterious power.

Let's now turn back and follow up the destinies of the Starland and Washington.

After having re-fueled from the oil-tanker they had proceeded on their northward voyage, as already stated. And from then on their homeward-bound passage was practically uneventful. And, at last, towards the end of January they stood in towards the harbor of New York City, their home port.

It was about the hour of noon on a bright winter day that they were sighted from shore by an expectant crowd of people, who had learned of the returning ships' near presence by wireless.

And when in the early afternoon they had safely anchored in the harbor they had been greeted and welcomed back by the same pandemonium of noise that had marked their departure nearly two months previously.

Their long voyage thru seas of many climes was plainly shown by the faded appearance of their coats of paint, and other marks left by the ravages of salt water and ocean storms.

Their voyage had been a long, long, one; but entirely successful. No accident had happened to mar that success. Only an unavoidable running short of fuel-oil had happened to give them some temporary uneasiness and excitement.

And thus these two gallant ships and their equally gallant crews pass out of this narrative. Their missions successfully accomplished they now play no further part, individually at least, in this world-drama. Hence we can bid them farewell.

In the next installment, part four of the story, the author will take the reader into some other parts of the world, and the scenes and happenings he will describe will be even more startling and strange than any that have gone before. We believe that this unique narrative will, from now on, lure its readers into burning some midnight oil. If any doubt this, let them—as all are most sure to do—get next week's Ledger at the very first opportunity.

* * *

Clever Little Stories.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN, visiting a small parish in a mining district for the purpose of administering confirmation, asked one nervous little girl what matrimony was, and she answered that it was "a state of terrible torment, which those who enter it are compelled to undergo for a time to prepare them for a brighter and better world." "No, no," remonstrated the priest, "that isn't matrimony; that's the definition of purgatory." "Leave her alone," said the archbishop; "maybe she's right. What do you or I know about it?"

A friend once wrote to Mark Twain asking his opinion on a certain matter and received no reply. He waited a few days and then wrote again. His second letter was also ignored. Finally he sent a third note, inclosing a sheet of paper and a 2-cent stamp. By return post he received a postcard on which was the following: "Paper and stamp received. Please send envelope."

* * *

2,022 Population.

RAYMOND PEARL, professor at Johns Hopkins University, believes that our population has passed its most rapid period of growth.

From now on, he predicts, the increase will be slower and population 100 years hence will not be more than twice what it is now

It is futile to attempt to forecast economic problems that will bother our descendants in the year 2022, for life then will differ from the present even more startlingly than 1922 differs from 1822.

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How thousands of women, by the simple method of an eminent physician, have avoided unnecessary miseries through many months and up to the moment Baby has arrived, is fully explained in the remarkable book, "Motherhood and the Baby." Tells also what to do before and after baby comes, probable date of birth, baby rules, etc., and about "Mother's Friend," used by three generations of mothers, and sold in all drug stores everywhere. "Mother's Friend" is applied externally, is safe, free from narcotics, permits easier natural readjustment of muscles and nerves during expectancy and child-birth. Start using it today. Mrs. E. E. Kerger, Slayton, Minn., says. "It pulled me through." Send for book today to Bradfield Regulator Co., BA-29, Atlanta, Ga. 'Mother's Friend" is sold at all drug stores.

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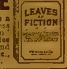

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The Gloved Revenge

(Continued From Page 9)

inal offense. Iglat cursing madly, was on the point of ordering him from the house, when Gersa, coming out of her burning-eyed trance, rushed at him and clapped her hands over his lips, whispering that he must not do anything foolish and that they needed the board-money. And Iglat growled himself silent.

Rudik did not drink the blood that Gersa with shaking hand offered him. "No," he said, "I can never drink it again."

Their eyes met; and again she felt that curious smothering sensation in her throat.

"I—I understand," she gasped. "I understand everything—at last."

THE next day Rudik made preparations to leave. He told Gersa frankly that he would miss those surpassing steaks. "And I'll miss you, too," he added tenderly, looking into her eyes.

She never knew how it came about, but she found herself in his arms with his hot lips pressings hers. She struggled vainly. The red steaks and the redder blood had made a man of him, just as Iglat had said they would. He was strong, almost as strong as her butcher husband, it seemed to her, and quite as fiercely dominating and masculine. How wonderful is red meat! It had made a butcher. Now it had made a man.

He did not kiss her many times. His passion was only a gush quickly spent; but the experience was the supreme one of Gersa's life. It completed the work that his bitter, eloquent denunciation of Iglat had begun; it remade her, almost created her anew out of the stupid nothingless she had been. Iglat's wife was now a living woman—the old miracle.

He was to leave that evening. In the afternoon she put on her blue dress, and with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes looked very pretty. Rudik suggested a walk in the fields. They did not fear Iglat; he never came home at this time. Besides, they meditated no harm.

To Gersa that walk was a revelation. Rudik talked as never before. He spoke touchingly of his love for dumb animals. She was enthralled, moved to tears. What a compassionate heart he had, and how beautifully, poetically, his feelings found voice! When he told her that he would see to it that Iglat's brutal methods of slaughtering should be forever abolished by law, she could have fallen at his feet. And as she listened to his burning words she felt herself being consumed by the same holy passion—the passion to champion the cause of martyred brutes and to devote her life, if need be, to this great work, even as he intended to devote his.

Evening came and he bade her goodbye very simply with but one chaste kiss on the brow, just as Iglat drove up in the stained and ill-smelling meat wagon to take him to the train. She watched him from the window; she did not dare to go out to the wagon. When he had disappeared down the road, she burst into his room, throwing herself on the bed and pressing mad kisses on the covers and pillow. The only light she had ever known had gone out of her life and she felt that she must die.

THE next day was Saturday, Iglat's slaughtering day. At the breakfast table Gersa asked him if he intended to bleed the cattle as usual. He quickly replied in the affirmative, launching into a heated defense of his method.

"Yes," he said bitterly, "you'd have me lower the quality of my meat and lose my business and my reputation just to please that womanish fool. Enough of this nonsense; I kill my beeves my own way."

But when, later in the day, he went out to the slaughter-house, he found Gersa there petting the young steers and crying over them. He was furious at the sight; and when she snatched the sharp knife from him and handed him a huge club with which to slaughter the beasts more humanely, he lifted it as tho to brain her instead; but he caught himself in time. Throwing down the club, he wrenched the knife from her, gashing her hand unintentionally, then, with a cry of rage, he turned toward the animals. Gersa, the blood spurting from her hand, picked up the club and hurled it at him, striking the back of his head; he fell to the ground like a log.

She ran to the house, threw a few articles of apparel into a satchel, took what little money she could find, climbed upon Iglat's seat in the meat cart, and drove to the station.

Gersa made the train, but had to whip the old horse unmercifully, to do it.

By nightfall she was in the city. It was only the second time in her life that she had ever been in a large town, and the noise and bustle frightened her. She succeeded, however, in finding a room in a respectable house on a quiet street; and as she was very tired she slept soundly all night.

In the morning she went to see Rudik. He had given her his club address. She had supposed it was his place of business, and the sight of the servant in livery filled her with awe. When ushered into the elegant reception room she was trembling with fear.

Rudik was very much surprised to see her and, in fact, a bit annoyed. She was a sight in her country clothes, but she looked rather pitiful for all that; and when the tears streamed from her eyes at his lack of welcome, he felt really sorry for her. Besides, she was uncommonly pretty, even in that green dress and ancient hat; so after he had glanced around furtively to see that they were not being observed, he gave her a hurried kiss. Quite by accident the kiss was implanted on her throat, her soft, beautiful throat, that throat that any woman might envy. A wave of desire swept over Rudik. He looked at her fixedly; and he made up his mind.

"My poor dear," he said tenderly; "I'm very glad to see you, but you can't blame me for being surprised."

He did not invite her to sit down. Instead, he asked her, rather confusedly, to leave at once and meet him down the street two blocks away. She went willingly. She did not blame him for asking her to do this. She felt very much out of place anyway, and she did not want to embarrass him. He was a prominent man; he had to be careful. She understood, but she was unhappy just the same. She felt that she had done a very foolish thing in coming to the city.

But later, when Rudik dashed down the street in a big motor car and picked her up and took her on a long ride past beautiful houses that looked like dream edifices to her unsophisticated eyes, she forgot everything and was as happy as a child.

She told him frankly she never could go back to Iglat. "I've come here to testify," she said.

"Testify?" he repeated, puzzled.

"You're going to pass a law against the way Iglat slaughters his steers, and I thought maybe you'd want me to testify and swear that all you say is true. I'm willing to do that, to do anything—even to the giving of my life for our great work."

He looked at her narrowly. Was she joking? Or was she just infinitely stupid? He had known all along that she was a simple-minded creature; but this exhibition of utter childishness was staggering. His first impulse was to laugh. Then he felt irritated, aggrieved. Why had she followed him here? What was he to do with her? He frowned and was on the point of speaking sharply; but the fairness of her neck burst upon him anew—its velvety softness, the two faint lines across the throat that lost themselves in the flesh only to emerge tentatively and untraced farther on, the golden-brown mole . . .

So he settled everything quite promptly and simply. He installed her in a cottage in one of the quietest suburbs with a woman to look after her wants. This woman was a remarkable person. In a very short time she had almost made a lady of Gersa. She outfitted her, dressed her, polished her, taught her the art of personal grooming and all the little feminine secrets of vanity. She was absolutely trustworthy and was an adept at effacing herself. So when Rudik came to the house, which he did daily, there was nothing to try his temper and get on his nerves.

Indeed, there was much to please him. Gersa was rapidly developing into a handsome woman. Manicured, perfumed, her hair dressed becomingly, her beautiful neck and shoulders set off by soft draperies, she more than repaid him for the trouble he had taken to fit her to be his friend.

SHE had forgotten Iglat completely. For a time she had been afraid she might have killed him, but inquiries made by Rudik proved this fear to be groundless. The butcher, it appeared, was still living on his farm quite as usual. She had forgotten the slaughter-house as well as the slaughterer, its horrors, the inhuman bleeding of the steers, her own indignation and Rudik's, her determination to devote her life to the abolition of all forms of cruelty to animals. She never asked Rudik if he had introduced his bill in the Assembly. She felt intuitively that the subject annoyed him; and, besides, nothing in the world interested her any more but her love.

Gersa adored Rudik. She worshiped him. For him alone she lived. Her life was but the realization of his presence, the anticipation of his coming, the memory of him when he had gone. She longed to do something undreamed-of for him, to work her fingers off, to go blind, to die for his dear sake. But he did not want her to do any of these divinely foolish things. All he asked was her love, her readiness to please him; and this was so little to ask, so pitifully little! The happy days and weeks went by with the flower of love forever opening petals of new delights; and Gersa's dream was as detached and scornful of reality as that of an opium-eater.

The awakening came on the night the housekeeper handed her Rudik's letter. It was only a few lines. He had been called away on important matters; he could never see her again, he was sorry; everything in the cottage was hers, also a sum of money he had left with the housekeeper. That was all.

Gersa sat with the letter in her hand thruout the night, and Iglat found her there in the morning.

Iglat! He had come at last. She looked up into his face with hollow, black-circled eyes. She was not surprised. She was not frightened. She only wondered dully—not because he had come, but because he had been so long in coming, because he did not reproach her, because he did not strike her dead. But he seemed to be meditating no harm toward her, no revenge. He was very quiet. He looked much the same as ever. There was no cruelty in his eyes, and somehow his terrible slaughterer's hands did not seem so big and brutal as of old. She noticed these things quite incidently and hastily as he helped her to her feet and told her to change her dress and come with him.

She was very weak, too weak indeed, to stand alone. Iglat had to support her till the housekeeper came to lead her to her room. She was trembling violently and her hands and feet were icy cold. The housekeeper protested that she was ill and that she ought to wait awhile to gain a little strength before leaving; but she insisted on being dressed immediately.

In a little while she joined Iglat and he silently led her away.

He said no word on the journey home. Neither did she. Most of the time she leaned back with eyes closed. Her mind was almost a blank. Only three thoughts filled it, and these were hazy. Rudik had gone; Iglat had come. She was Iglat's forever to do with as he pleased. She was crushed, hence entirely submissive. She would never defy Iglat again. Nothing mattered now. Of course, she would be glad to die—if he would let her; but if he willed it otherwise she would live on. It was very simple. When Doom strikes, it strikes. That is all.

As they neared the village, she opened her eyes and looked at the master. He had not left her for an instant. His huge hot body was pressing against hers in the narrow seat. Idly she noticed his clothes. They were shockingly dirty. There were great splotches of dirt on his coat, breeches, shirt. His great heavy boots were discolored with filth; his hands were black; even his face was [illegible].

And now, at last, a terror that was acute seized her. What was the meaning of this change in him? For change it was, as personal cleanliness had always been one of his virtues. Even as she wondered, she gradually became aware of the frightful, fetid odor proceeding from all this filth, the sickening, deadly smell of barnyard, pigpen, chicken-house. Why had she not noticed it before? Her numbing grief had [illegible] her obvious of everything.

(Concluded on Page 2[illegible])

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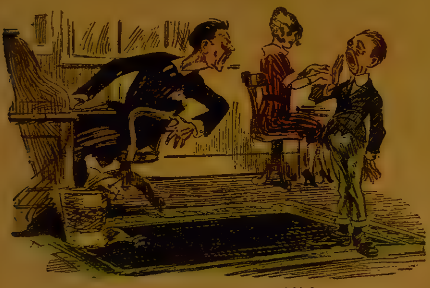
JOKES AND MORE JOKES

A FRANK ANSWER



Irate Employer—Is there anything you can do quickly?
New Boy (between yawns)—Yes, sir; I get tired very quickly!

THEY UNDERSTOOD

"YOU dispersed the mob?"

"Yes, said the sheriff, nonchalantly. "When the boys swarmed around the jail I stepped out with a couple of guns in my hands an' spoke sorter soothing to 'em."

"What did you say?"

"I just reminded 'em that my brother was runnin' the only undertakin' shop in town an' everybody that knowed me knowed I was a strong family man who'd do anything in reason to boost the business of a relative."

Impressed, but Not Stimulated.

"Your boy Josh gives orders to the hired men in a very impressive manner."

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel; "but they don't do much work. They seem to think they're gettin' paid for bein' Josh's audience."

Whence Tommy's Idea.

Teacher—Tommy, why do you spell bank with such a large "B?"

Tommy—'Cause pa said that a bank was no good unless it had a large capital.

Tells It to the Doctor.

Doctor—Well, Thomas, how are you?

Thomas—I be better than I was, sir, but I ain't as well as I was before I was as ill as I be now.

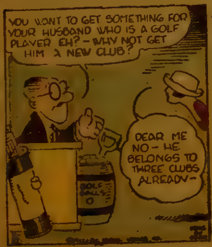
Easy.

"The dogwood tree is the easiest one known."

"How so?"

"It is identified by its bark."

SOLID IVORY


YOU WANT TO GET SOMETHING FOR YOUR HUSBAND WHO IS A GOLF PLAYER EH? - WHY NOT GET HIM A NEW CLUB?
DEAR ME NO - HE BELONGS TO THREE CLUBS ALREADY -
GOLF BALLS

His Cough Indispensable.

"I'd do something for that cough if I were you, old man."

"That cough, my dear boy, is indispensable. Whenever a life insurance agent calls to see me I turn it on and he never stays longer than three minutes."

Already Informed.

"Ah, Cutie!" blurbed an unsalted customer in the rapid fire restaurant. "You have beautiful eyes, and——"

"Yep!—I've heard it!" briskly interjected Heloise, the waitress. "Howlyahaveyereggs?"

Helping Out a Writer.

First Writer—I want a newer expression for "between the devil and the deep sea."

Second Ditto—Oh, just say "between an empty cellar and an unpaid coal bill."

MOTHER'S MEETING

BISHOP FLIPPER said at a mother's meeting in Atlanta:

"Mother love is a beautiful thing, a blessed thing, provided it isn't carried too far. Carried too far, it becomes a curse.

"A poor old ragman, bent nearly double under his enormous bag, was making his feeble way down the street, shouting in a cracked old voice:

"'Rags, bottles, old iron!'

"A woman put her head out of a fifth-story window, smiled and beckoned.

"The old ragman toiled painfully up to the woman's floor.

"She stood smiling in the doorway.

"'Won't you?' she said, and she winked and nodded.

"The old man put down his bag, and, wiping the sweat from his brow, looked at the woman in bewilderment.

"'Won't I what, ma'am?' he panted.

"'Won't you,' said the woman, 'take Willie away in your bag if he isn't a good boy?'"

Badly Damaged.

Irate Housewife—Ain't you the same man I gave a mince pie to last Christmas?

Tramp (bitterly)—No, mum, I'm not; an' wot's more, the doctors say I never will be again!

A Sufficient Rest.

Western Exchange—There is a scythe hanging in a tree on a farm in Oneida County that has hung there since 1868.

And is the hired man still sitting on the fence?

Undoubtedly.

May—The less a girl looks like the family skeleton the oftener she goes in swimming.

Ray—Righto! You said an eyeful.

Love of Nature.

"What is your favorite flower?"

"Well," replied Farmer Corntossel, "I guess an orchid is about as satisfactory as any."

"Orchids are beautiful, but rare."

"That's why I favor 'em. There's no chance of they're gettin' a start like daisies or dandelions an' havin' to be weeded out."

Safety First.

"I hope you were polite to papa," she said as he returned from the interview.

"Polite? I treated him as if he were a king."

"You didn't call him 'your majesty?'"

"No, but I backed out of his presence."

Her Knowledge of Seafaring.

Boatman—Yes, miss, we've some fine boats round here. Some of them can steam twenty knots an hour.

Visitor—Ah, I suppose they steam the knots so that the sailors can untie them easily?

A CLEAR CASE

A SWAGGER, well-dressed man went up to a ticket office in a station and, to the surprise of the clerk, asked for a "seaman's return."

"We only issue them to seamen," the clerk pointed out, politely.

The applicant looked at him in anger.

"Why, you leather-necked, swivel-eyed son of a sea cook, if you feel my starboard boom running foul of your headlights, you'll haul in your jaw tackle a bit, and then——"

"Give him a ticket, quick!" shrieked an inspector standing near. "He's one right enough."

Chanticleerian Indorsement.

She—I just adore watching the morning dawn. Dawns are exquisite.

He—I suppose so; the roosters seem to think they are something worth crowing about.

High Praise.

Edith—What Makes an actress think herself a star?

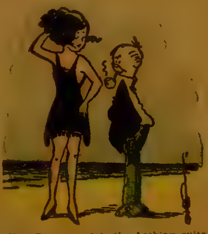
Arthur—Being praised to the skies, I suppose.

For Thirty Days.

He—Darling, there's been something trembling on my lips for a month.

She—So I've noticed. Why don't you shave it off?

Next to Nothing.



She—Do you think these bathing suits are becoming?

He—Yes—becoming extinct.

SERIOUS STUFF.

A humorist wrote in the lightsome way
Of the price of fuel, the other day;
But I don't see, to save my soul,
How a fellow can joke about a ton o' coal.

Why and Where.

Relieving Officer (to applicant who is slightly deaf)—And where did you marry your wife?

Applicant—I'll be hanged if I know, sir.

Cruel of Him.

"All by myself——" warbled the girl, banging the piano with muscular hands.

The young man took one look.

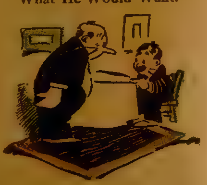
"No wonder," was his comment as he walked away.

Already Arranged.

"I will admit I haven't always lived as I should, but I do love your daughter sincerely, and if ever I should make her unhappy I hope I will be made to suffer for it."

"Don't let that worry you; she'll attend to that."

What He Would Want.



Waiter—Do you think you'll want anything after the beefsteak and pie, sir?

Diner (grimly)—Only the doctor, I think.

And She Did.

"Daughter, did I not see you sitting on that young man's lap when I passed the parlor door last evening?"

"Yes, and it was very embarrassing. I wish you had not told me to."

"Good heavens! I never told you to do anything of the kind!"

"You did. You told me that if he attempted to get sentimental I must sit on him."

Doctor Ought to Know.

Fuddle—You know Stocks, don't you?

Doctor—Yes. He is a patient of mine

Fuddle—Pretty wideawake man, isn't he?

Doctor—I should say so! I'm treating him for insomnia.

IN THE INTERIM

THE wife of one of the new rich was having her palatial mansion redecorated. Painters and paperhangers swarmed like ants and slapped on gilt edge by the bucketful.

The foreman approached the mistress of the house one morning.

"I've just finished the morning room," he said. "What next?"

"You can do the study on Friday," said the lady.

"What shall we do in the interim, madam?"

"Oh, paper that, too!"

Hardly Complimentary.

Old Lady—Thank you so much for your song, my dear. It took me back to my childhood days on my father's farm, and while I listened to your voice I seemed to hear the old gate creaking in the wind.

Spilled the Beans.

Miss Howles—Wouldn't you like to be able to play and sing, my little man?

Johnny—Naw! I wouldn't like to have people say mean things about me as they do about you.

Out of Sight.

Ray (twirling misplaced eyebrow)—Isn't my mustache becoming?

May (twinkling her eyes)—It may be coming, but I don't see it, yet.

A LITTLE DIFFERENCE

PRESIDENT ETHEL ENDERS ELLISON of the Housewives' League said at a mother's meeting in Denver:

"No marriage is complete without offspring. No young wife knows true happiness till she holds her firstborn to her breast.

"But never let maternal love eclipse your marital love. A good many young wives, after baby comes, are like the one who said to me:

"'Dear, dear baby! I love him so. He's learned to coo now, and he just lies and

"Then her lip curled and she added:

"'Different from my husband. He just talks and lies to me by the hour.'"

The Gloved Revenge

(Concluded From Page 21.)

He turned and met her horrified gaze. Trembling, she shrank from him. She felt that she must rush away from this human beast; leap from the window; anything to rid her outraged senses of his utter loathsomeness; but his eyes held her, burned into her, dominated her; dominated even her new horror of him, half dispelled it. And so she became submissive again, resigned. This was part of her punishment. She had sinned. Iglat was showing her the physical counterpart of the soiling of her soul. That was it. That was all.

When they alighted at the village station she was so weak he had to carry her to the meat wagon, which was waiting. The few villagers lounging about scarcely dared to look at her, much less [illegible] among themselves. Everybody [illegible] Iglat. He lifted her seemed afraid of [illegible] to the seat, then jumped up and propped her against him.

It was a balmy September afternoon, and Iglat let the horse walk. He drove in silence for awhile, then cleared his throat and said quietly:

"Gersa, there will be only one change in our lives."

"Yes?" she managed to murmur.

He was silent again, then suddenly he took off his cap and turned the back of his head toward her. "See," he said, "there it is, the scar you made. When I rot in the grave that scar will still be on my head to rot along with my hair."

She fell to trembling. Her teeth began to chatter; she was even afraid he might hear them.

"But that is nothing," he went on. "I don't blame you for that. I don't blame you for going away with—that man." He hissed out the words and his face purpled.

She could not cry any more. But she began to moan—almost mechanically, like one who has been hopelessly sick and in pain a long time.

"No, I don't blame you for that," said Iglat with a long breath. "I don't blame you for anything. You're a woman."

She stole a look at him; but his face was quite composed again.

"You knew I loved you, Gersa; and you knew your going would drive me mad."

She did not defend herself; she only continued to moan. It seemed to her that they had arrived at the end of all things.

"Gersa," he cried, with a sudden little laugh, "your dream came true! I have never slaughtered an animal since you left; I shall never slaughter one again—even humanely. I shall never even cut meat; I shall never even eat it; nor shall you. We will get our food out of the soil. My hands are washed of blood."

She looked at the filthy fingers holding the reins and shuddered. What unheard-of torment had he in store for her?

He kept on chuckling. "Animals! I love them almost as much as I once loved you. I'm going to devote my life to them just as you said you'd devote yours. We'll devote our lives to them together. What say you, Gersa?"

She was beyond speech, even a whisper. She could only look at him with frightened eyes.

"Yes," he said. "I am a changed man. You will see what I mean when we get home. And you have changed me, Gersa; your faithlessness brought about the miracle. At first the new life was hard, I admit. It took me a long time to make up my mind to live it; but when once I had decided, I was off to the city at once to bring you home. At first I thought I'd have to kill him, torture him; aye, slaughter him, Gersa! But the Law might have got me, and that would have robbed us, you and me, of the new life!" he chuckled. "And now, Gersa, I'm a rock. I shall never change.

"You may get down on your knees and beg me to be the old Iglat, but I shall not change. The sun and the moon may change places, God and the Devil may change, but I shall not change." He laughed again.

"See, here we are at home, our home, Gersa, the home you left but will never leave again." He helped her down from the seat. She was quite beyond walking, so he carried her toward the house, the stench from his clothes making her faint and sick.

Everything looked the same—the forbidding little stable, the more forbidding slaughter-house, the pigpen, the chicken-yard. But, strangely enough, Gersa could not see a cow, a pig, a chicken. Only the ugly hound dog welcomed them. Prodigiously fat, he was uglier than ever. An involuntary curiosity seized her.

"Where are they all?" she asked. Have you sold them? Are they dead?"

He chuckled and shook his head. "I love them too well to sell them or kill them, Gersa. Never again shall we kill a living thing, you and I. Even vermin—the bugs, the spiders, all the creeping and crawling things—shall live out their lives. Ah, is it not a very great change that has come over Iglat the butcher?"

He bent over and kissed her, his first kiss since bringing her back. She thought she would die. She prayed she might.

As they drew nearer the house she noticed that all the windows and even the doors were open. That was odd.

"You left the house open!" she said. "Weren't you afraid everything would be stolen?"

While she spoke, a hen with her brood of chicks came clucking out of the house, followed by a fat, greasy pig. The sight sickened Gersa, struck her with a nameless terror and dread. No lion or tiger could have aroused in her this unspeakable horror. Now she began to feel the claws under the gloved revenge! She struggled to escape from Iglat's arms of steel. She bit him, scratched him, pulled his hair. He only laughed. Then she became quiet. He was master. It was written in the stars.

He took her inside the house and put her down on a chair, disturbing a rooster which had been perched there. The fowl showed fight. Iglat, amused, petted the creature.

Gersa looked around. In one corner of the room was the milch cow chewing her cud and swishing the flies with her tail. Nearby were some pigs. Chickens were everywhere.

"Welcome, Gersa," said Iglat. "The blood-drinker taught you to love animals. I will teach you how to become one."

From the Slabtown Slasher

How a Pioneer Editor Is Making It Go in Michigan's Wilds.

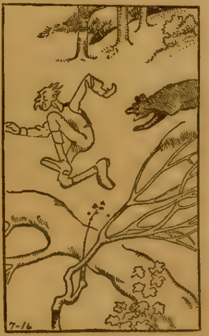
THE Kickapoo Indians predict a plague [illegible] this summer [illegible] grasshoppers [illegible] Every- [illegible] and why thing hops along [illegible] here, [illegible] shouldn't a grasshopper.

The Indians have a weather bureau the same as the white man. Up here it is always the same. If you ask an Indian what the weather is going to be tomorrow he will reply—poor weather.

The Pumpkin Pine River had so overflowed its banks that we have a foot high of water in our office, and it is gaining on us every day. Our wife and I have to sail around on type cases.

Last Saturday was a great day for Slab Town. Thirty Shawnee Indians came over here to hold many games with our Kickapoo Indians. We were referee in every case, and we patronized home industry by deciding for our Kickapoos every time. The Shawnees lost their money, knives, tomahawks, and even their shirts, and they went back home feeling very humble about it.

We took a walk among the whispering pines last Saturday. A bear took a walk at the same time. We got home first, but it was a close call.



A Bear Took a Walk at the Same Time.

We can say to our subscribers that we can make a bearskin undershirt for $3. With the fur turned inside you need not wear anything else in the coldest weather. Turn in your orders for next winter now.

The Government has sent an agent here to see about a postoffice here in Slab Town. The Government does not want to leave a spot of romance in the United States. The fun of living here is that if you owe a coal bill there is no way of sending it to you.

Our graveyard now numbers thirty-six interments, and Slab Town is only a year old. Can they beat that in New York or Chicago?

A Methodist preacher was here the other day to see about missionary work among the Indians. His stay was only fifteen minutes long, and during that time he was exposed to the measles, whooping cough, and scarlet fever.

We had a little tiff with our wife the other day as weekly editors often do, and she started off to elope. She got six miles away and met four wild cats, and she came back quite content to live with us again.

A weary pilgrim found his way to Slab Town the other day. He wanted to see if there was any chance for establishing a weekly newspaper. We gave the wink to twelve Indians, and the last seen of our would-be rival he was striking the gait of thirty miles an hour. We don't propose to have Slab Town burdened with too many papers [illegible]

[illegible] beggars left a box of [illegible] Some of the [illegible] chloride of lime when they broke up this spring. The Indians found the stuff and are using it in place of quinine It cures the case of chilblains and fever in about ten minutes.

There has been no marriages in Slab Town in about a year, but that is because there is only one woman here, and she is our wife, and we don't propose to allow her to marry any one else.

If anybody was to come up here with a moving picture show he will find our common council very liberal with him. His house can take fire every week or the roof can blow in, and nothing will be said or done. The Indians are great on everything that moves.

M. QUAD.

* * *

The Observer

He Observes Many Things Which the Rest of Us Do Not.

THE hens are laying it up against Holland. Eggs are ninety cents a dozen over there, and every Dutchman feels as if he could eat half a dozen.

In Rome, when there is an alarm of fire, every citizen is supposed to grab a pail of water and make a run for it. Once in a while a fire is put out.

News has just reached the Observer that lions are becoming scarce in Africa There will come a time when woodchucks will be plenty and lions so scarce that you can hardly find one.

One who has studied the question says that the Filipinos are not such liars as they used to be. Association with Americans has taught them a new respect for the truth.

There are seven towns in Oklahoma that want to be called Crow City. It is likely the trouble will be settled by some of them calling themselves Buzzard's Roost.

After trying for two hours to untie his shoes, a citizen of Wisconsin cut the strings and went out and ordered a thousand new pairs. Why didnt he think of this good thing without spending so much time?

Be very careful about your speech A woman in Ohio, who had never married, was called an old maid. She went to law about it and recovered two thouand dollars damages. Perhaps the possession of that much money will bring her a rich husband

They arrested a man at Columbus, Ohio, who confessed to having married nineteen wives and frankly admits that not one of them is worth a darn. There is general sympathy for him.

They are telling about a farmer in northern New York who died from the sting of a bee. What would have happened had the whole hive got after him?

A committee of twelve doctors says that wearing tight corsets is of the greatest benefit to the women. You can't be sure of anything in this world.

Do you own a mule? If so, take warning by the fate of a man in Wisconsin. He thought the ears of his mule were too long and he cut them off, and the law sent him to States prison for fifteen years. Some folks thought the mule looked better with short ears.

Lord George, Premier of England, says there will soon be another war in Europe. What can they destroy this time, and who has been left to be killed by another war?

They have now got up a new religion in Utah, and believers in it never believe that a man dies. They believe he sleeps for twenty days and then awakes to find himself twenty years old and full of life and vitality. The new idea is gaining ground very fast, as everybody wants to be about twenty years old and have their good times over again.

HER AILMENTS ALL GONE NOW

Mrs. Sherman Helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lake, Michigan.—"About one year ago I suffered with irregularities and a weakness and at times was obliged to stay off my feet. I doctored with our family physician and he finally said he could not understand my case, so I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After I had taken the first bottle I could see that I was getting better. I took several bottles of the Vegetable Compound and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and I am entirely cured of my ailments. You may publish this letter if you wish."—Mrs. MARY SHERMAN, Route 2, Lake, Mich.

There is one fact women should consider and that is this. Women suffer from irregularities and various forms of weakness. They try this and that doctor, as well as different medicines. Finally they take Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound, and Mrs. Sherman's experience is simply another case showing the merit of this well-known medicine.

If your family physician fails to help you and the same old troubles persist, why isn't it reasonable to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

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DROPSY Treated One Week FREE [illegible] a few hours, swelling [illegible] regulates the liver, kidneys, stomach and heart, purifies the blood, strengthens the entire system. Write for Free Trial Treatment [illegible]

DROPSY REMEDY CO., DEPT. F-16, ATLANTA, GA.

Toreador From Mason's Store

(Continued From Page 11)

Mason organization made from eating its breakfast to holding its girl's hand at night was plotted and curved. These cartoons proved we'd lived so darned inefficiently for years it was a wonder we weren't in the poorhouse.

Things went along like that with Efficiency snooping around the boss' office at all hours, and holding his ear whenever he was there, and a new list of victims for the headsman coming out every day or two, until we got a fresh shock. J. Flavius had taken Miss Mason to a ball. There it was on the society page. Also it showed in Efficiency's face next day. He was bossier and more important than ever. It was "Boy, this!" and "Boy, that!" until we [illegible] ragged. [illegible] had pretty well [illegible]

Up to now Efficiency [illegible] fought shy of Mr. Terrill and the other department heads. But this day he was so swelled up he didn't know where to stop. His curve boy had just plotted a new trick graphic. As Mr. Terrill crosses the outer office Efficiency, carrying this foolishness, nails him, with his choice "Oh-what-a-great-boy-am-I" look.

"How does that strike you, Mr. Terrill?" he asks.

Mr. Terrill glanced down at what looked like a combination representation of the life and home runs of Babe Ruth and the canals of Mars. "Um—er—" he began as Efficiency bragged: "This is an important economic study. Does our annual picnic pay for itself in increased morale inspiration and physical benefits? Is it worth the thousands we spend on it? I'm prepared to show——"

"What's being done about the picnic?" Terrill asked.

"All settled," said Davenport. "I'm handling the arrangements. We're chartering a train, and going down into Oak Valley instead of to a city pleasure park. We'll have an old-fashioned basket picnic at half the cost. I've the program all arranged. What do you think of this, Miss Mason?"

Miss Mason had stepped up. I'd been watching her look at the pair of them. I don't think she realized how much showed in her eyes. But I knew. She looked the way Flo from the gift shop looked at me the night she stood halfway between giving Jim Binckley the gate and becoming my steady. Miss Mason looked at one, then at the other. There was Terrill, tall, straight, keen, a man you'd pick to do things. Then there was Efficiency with his quick, shrewd face, and a tongue that would make a widow sign over her last nickle. They looked even up.

That is, until Terrill's jaw dropped. The announcement that the picnic, which had always been his job to arrange, had been taken out of his hands would have made anybody gasp. His shoulders dropped for a second, he nodded at Miss Mason, then walked away. Only for Flo from the gift shop and the fact my mother needs my envelope kept me from easing an inkwell at Efficiency. I knew he'd put it on cheaper. Funny how bosses will get crazy over some fad, and forget everything. But that's because they're human, old Henry, the bookkeeper says.

I was sorry Mr. Terrill dropped his jaw and shoulders like that when Miss Delia was looking at him. I just wish she'd seen him a few minutes later in her father's office where he went to the mat right. As I happened in for something he said: "But that's taking off the wrong side, Mr. Mason. The thing to do is keep them all, and make them fight harder——"

"But we're still inflated," Mr. Mason came back, and I didn't hear any more. I only saw Terrill's face when he came out. He was red and agitated, as if he was all stirred up over something. He moved quick and with a vengeance like he'd come to some decision, and was just aching to push something thru.

I could see all this when he sent for me and handed me an envelope. "Take it to Mr. Zane, of Zane, Butler and Barrows," he said. "And Spike"—he'd call you by your nickname just like one of the boys in a private conversation—"if you don't mind, just forget it. A few of us will have to hang together here or go out the gate separately, and I think I know where you stand."

He sure did. I burned up the pavement over to Mr. Zane's office. He'd been the firm's attorney for years, back to the time of the original Mason. He was a man that Mr. Mason always listened to, old Henry said, and he had money in the firm. I was burning to know what was in that letter. But I forgot it when I got back. The announcement about the picnic was up, and I hustled to make sure who Flo from the gift shop was going with.

Less than a week later came the picnic day, as fair and pleasant a one as you ever saw in summer. With a band ahead we marched to the Superior Street station and got in a long train of coaches. It was different from going to Pastime Park or Crystal City as if to [illegible] Pretty soon we were out into the country among the cows and chickens, with grass and trees everywhere, and beginning to wind off into the hills with people waving at us from white farmhouses and gardens. We were tooting horns and eating popcorn and singing and yelling, with the smell of the fields and trees blowing in the open windows and the blue sky above. With Flo from the gift shop beside me, the worries of Old Efficiency and his "more work less jobs" stuff all faded out. We were bound for some land of sunshine and summer where we were going to play and eat sandwiches the rest of our lives!

After a while we got off at a little red station and walked back thru a gap in the hills to the finest meadow you ever saw, a great, wide, green place with woods off to one side, and a creek with silver-gray willows winding thru it. Mister, we just about rolled on the grass with joy!

Standing on a stump and speaking thru a megaphone, Efficiency started them off. He'd mapped out everything and now he turned it over to a committee. Personally, I soon learned, Efficiency had other fish to fry. Mr. Terrill wasn't on the committee, even, but he took off his coat just like the younger bunch, and started in winning prizes. Me—well, I've always been more for reading and observation than athletics, and I felt there was room for observation if not reading around there. I wasn't wrong.

Over at one side is Efficiency with Miss Delia Mason, speaking to her very pleasantly as she watches the games. I can see that he's impatient. After a while, using that persuasive tongue of his I can see that he's got Miss Mason talked into being weary of watching the games and deciding that she needs a walk. They started across the meadow dotted far and wide with little family groups of Mason folks, lolling and playing around. I could see Efficiency swinging a rapid jaw, looking up into her face and smiling. I bet he was mentally plotting a curve of his progress.

Efficiency was just practical enough to figure that nature was the proper background for spilling the pot of mush that he figured was going to curve him right into the rich and social Mason family for good. I was just slick enough to know that and tag along. Thinking of Mr. Terrill over there running his head off in a fool game while this shrewd bird beat his time, and of poor old Red Walker, cheated out of the picnic and a job when he never did anything more serious than bean a baldheaded man with a wire clip, made me sore clear thru. I'd hang on the trail of this Efficiency and jim his works if I did nothing more than to poke my head out and go: "Coo-coo!" when he tried to propose.

THEY crossed the meadow and I followed the creek, sheltered by the willows, hurrying past kids fishing for minnies and cash girls wading. Quarter of a mile over I thought I'd lost them. Then I heard voices in the woods. There was a light fence between me and the woods. But they'd gone thru and I followed. I shadowed them another quarter of a mile. Then they came out in a meadow more beautiful than the one we'd left behind. It was cut off from the woods by a high, strong fence. Out, maybe a hundred yards from this fence, Miss Delia saw some tall waving blue flowers. Just as I stole up she was pointing to them.

Of course Efficiency couldn't have gone over and gotten them for her. That would have been too inefficient. He wanted to help her over the fence too bad. I sneaked off to the right where there were some low trees and a sharp turn in the fence. At the turn there was a hole near the bottom big enough for me to slip thru. I did so, hidden by shrubbery on both sides. I was thru and peeping up to watch them when, all of a sudden, I was snatched breathless.

Past me, so close I could feel the heat of its breath and the dirt tossed up by its hoofs went something awfully heavy, fast and fierce. I dropped over, half scared to death. Then, as I got my breath and stood up, what I saw was the rear of an enormous red animal charging straight for Efficiency and Miss Mason who were well out into the field.

From what I've gathered from paintings in our most prominent butcher shops this animal was the large ferocious one known as the bull. It was full of deadly intent, too. Miss Mason's tangerine outfit may have been class along the boulevard but it was sure out of place in that gentleman cow's premises. I never let out any such yell in the bleachers as I did then. They looked around and understood. Getting back to the fence was out of the question. Their only bet was a small anaemic tree with low branches.

I expected to see Miss Mason faint. It's a good thing she didn't. J. Flavius was just that efficient that he beat her to the tree and started up the safe side of it. Once up he helped her. A moment later old Fresh Beef himself hit the tree and shook it from ground to tip. A dozen wallops like that and he'd have [illegible] them where he wanted them. All that romantic stuff about bullfights faded out. I remembered all I'd read about down-state farmers being gored to death by bulls.

"Hold tight—I'll get help!" I yelled.

After a sprint that nearly made me speechless, the first ones I run into on the picnic grounds are Mr. Mason and Mr. Zane, the firm's attorney, who'd motored down together in the boss' limousine. I'd sooner have been picked to notify Mr. Mason that the store had burned down. But it had to be done and I blurted right out: "Mr. Mason—your—Miss Mason's treed over there by a bull!"

Next the whole mob is rushing that way. I'm so fagged out that the best I can do is keep up with the two hundred pounders. Then Mr. Mason and Mr. Zane and all those hundreds of men, women and kids are up at that high strong fence looking thru. I got there and saw that the score was still the same. Two ambitious young men from the gent's clothing jumped into the field. One of them jumped back out. The other was tossed by Mr. Bull for a field goal, inspiring the cry: "Is there a doctor in the crowd?"

Furthermore the mad animal—as the papers later called him—got back to the tree just an instant too late to catch Miss Mason, who climbed back up in a hurry.

"Step there, Delia!" cried her father. "My God, men, what can we do?"

He looked different than he'd ever looked at the store, I'll say. There he was commander. But here he was walking up and down, tortured with the fear of this only daughter's danger, groaning and white, getting shakier and paler all the time.

Just then we heard Efficiency cry out from the tree: "Mr. Mason! . . . Silence! Let me talk to Mr. Mason!"

There was a hush over the hundreds peering thru the strong high fence out into the field empty save for that weak little tree, with them and girl in it and the bull snorting and bellowing, and circling around.

"Get a long rope, Mr. Mason, and make a loop in the center. Draw the bull over to the fence. Drop the loop over his head. Then with men on both ends of the rope you can handle him!"

Yes, Efficiency was qualified to tell them how to handle the bull. But nobody said so then. It was a tense moment, and you had to hand it to him for springing an idea right at a time when everybody else up to Harvey Mason himself, was running around and ringing his hands and asking what to do. A couple of fellows raced over to where we had two delivery trucks which came down with kitchen equipment. They got a long rope and the noose was made. Then, more carefully this time, they drew Mr. Bull over to the fence by running out at him.

The old Butcher Shop Bully snorted right up to the fence, pawing the ground and scaring everybody back. But these huskies from the delivery department, having to deal with traffic cops and all that, were brave and they stuck. Pretty soon a shout went up. They'd tightened the noose around Old Porterhouse's neck and thought they had him. They were trying to tie him to the fence, and Mr Mason was yelling to Miss Delia and Efficiency to get ready, when the bull took another thought for himself.

He developed misgivings, and backed away before they could tie him. "Don't let him go, boys," shouted one of the bosses. "Stick—a lot of you on both ends!"

But by this time the boys' red blood corpuscles weren't functioning up to par. As Mr. Bull drew back there were only two men on each end of the rope. But they were big huskies, used to wrestling cases, and such. For a moment they held him. Then he began to gain, started to run, and dragged them along. All of a sudden he gave a jerk and the bunch of them were thrown for a loss. Three managed to reach the fence, but Ole Bull —where did I read that name?—lifted the last for another field goal and divided the doctor's attention. Sooner or later this bull wouldn't get one over. Then he'd have somebody to trample on —and kill

We realized that, with a weakness of the stomach, as the bull rushed back at the tree, making Miss Mason and Efficiency shinny up again in a hurry. We all went sick as he just missed them and went slap against the tree. If he'd been sore before, he was mad right now! Round and round he'd circle, head down, puffing like an engine, pawing up the earth. Then he'd retreat and make a

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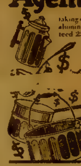

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Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

run at the tree. He'd bump it something awful with his head. Each time it would give a little, just enough to take the edge off the shock, and make him think he'd done something. But it was still solid enough to give him a good bump and make him sorer and sorer. It seemed just a question of which would last the longer, the bull or the tree—and the tree was weakening.

AS WE watched with the unreal and all-gone feeling of tragedy just ahead, something you've got to watch without being able to prevent, a figure caught our eye out beyond the tree. Just like the whole audience sighs—almost sobs—when the hero sneaks up behind the villain—you know!—such a sobby sigh went thru the crowd. From the other side of the field, which the bull hadn't been watching at all, somebody is sneaking and crawling thru the shrubbery and flowers. Now as he stands we see—it's Jack Terrill. He has something under his arm. Now, as the bull looks away for a moment, he breaks and runs straight for the tree. Old Beef Trust was so astonished he didn't make a start before Terrill was climbing up!

With three to hold and a bull butting it to pieces that little tree wouldn't last long. But Jack Terrill didn't lose time. He was on the same limb as Miss Mason, with his arm around her, and folks began to cheer. After all, there was a chance. Then came the big thrill, the one that would have knocked the senors and senoritas off the main bleachers in Madrid if they'd seen it.

With the bull in a certain position Jack Terrill dropped to the ground. He waved his arms and there swung into the breeze the folds of a heavy red cloth. The family of Rastus Washington, the colored head janitor, had brought that to eat from. But it was destined to more dramatic service. A cheer went up like when there's a tie in the ninth. For me, I swear the place broadened out and unfolded. The fence got to be rows of seats—thousands of them. There was the charging bull, and there—as I fancied I heard them yelling "Bravo!"—was Jack Terrill, not in his shirt sleeves any more, but all dressed up in yellow and red, with knee pants and a broad hat with little things like earrings tinkling all over it.

Anyhow there was no question about the red cloth. Or the bull. Or Jack Terrill, who stood still just a second to make sure the bull was going to chase him. Then we saw his plan. He was going back the way he'd come in, out toward the other fence. If he could just draw the bull far enough in that direction Miss Mason and Efficiency would escape. But Terrill— We groaned. He'd never make it to the other fence. It was too far!

Snorting like mad the bull took after him. They were hardly under way when Miss Mason hit the ground and started for us. Can a bull see out of the back of his eye, or is he simply a devil? Whether he saw or heard, the fact remains Miss Mason was hardly on the ground before the bull knew it. He wheeled and started after her. She had a good start. But she could never make the fence even so; and that bull, puffing and bellowing like a mad creature, came thundering after her.

Man, there was a moment! That gang along the fence was like in a trance. They were all filled up with a moan and couldn't let it out. For noise it was like a vacant house at midnight. You could almost hear Miss Mason's steps as she ran her best, her white face and scared eyes showing she knew. Then, just when this big red thing with its eyes flaming and its nostrils all spread out, moving about twice as fast as she, seemed about to nab her—just when we're ready to scream and shut our eyes—a cry went up.

Somebody's found his voice. Suddenly, fairly flying, right beside the bull is Terrill. The horns couldn't have been more than ten feet from Miss Mason when Terrill leaped, seemed to ride right up on that thing's neck and shot down over its eyes the red tablecloth. Then, for an instant, he was right between the bull and Miss Mason, pushing its head to the left, and shouting to her to cut to the right.

Now she was close to the fence. That little moment was all she needed to save her. A second later hands pulled her up and she fainted in her father's arms. As she went over the top old Bully Beef shook the rag off his head. You should have seen him then! Your fire-shooting, stone-cutting dragon was a lap-dog. Straight at Terrill he came, every bit of energy in his engine body concentrated on putting his enemy under the sod.

Terrill knew his danger and covered the few yards to the fence like a flash. He went up the fence which at this point was built with a strong, live tree as its post. The next moment Old Bully almost made chipped beef of himself for sure. He hit that tree, which was a big thick one, so hard that he bowled himself clean over and then stood looking at us, bear-eyed and groggy.

In the excitement Efficiency had managed to make the fence further up. Now he came down, making a big fuss over Miss Mason, and telling her father how it happened.

"An animal like that's a public menace!" he cried. "Here!" he yelled to a fellow who had just arrived with a gun. "I'll shoot the brute, and pay the rube whatever his beef's worth. I was an army shooter. Let me knock him off!"

Well, nobody could compete with Efficiency at shooting the bull. So they all stepped back. He drew a long, deliberate bead at old Bully Beef, who wasn't more than fifty feet away. Just as he was about to make a barbecue out of the picnic somebody hollered. Efficiency paid no attention. He just continued to aim, moving his gun slightly as the bull walked. Just as he was about to pull the trigger, a tall, bossy-looking man, something between a race track fellow and a rancher in the movies, stepped in and pushed up the gun.

"What do you mean!" snarled Efficiency. "This bull's dangerous. He nearly killed half a dozen of us—myself included. Let go the gun. If he's yours I'll pay you for the beef!"

The man looked at him with what the books call supreme contempt. "Pay for him?" he said. "You poor simp, that's Thunderbolt Second, the prize bull of the United States for his class. He's worth $50,000!"

"Well—well——"

"Well, nothing!" yelled the other, who turned out to be a millionaire stock breeder. "I'm the man with a license to be sore! You're having a picnic over beyond the woods? All right. Your grounds end at the small fence on the other side of the trees. Who gave you permission to come on my ground and molest my stock? That's what I want to know!"

Mr. Mason apologized and quieted him down. In five minutes we're all back beyond the woods, and glad to get there. Later I was called before Mr. Mason and Mr. Zane. Miss Mason had let Efficiency down easy, I guess. But I didn't feel called upon to fabricate. So I told just who led the way over there in the first place.

Mr. Zane nodded in a peculiar way and said to Mr. Mason: "Well, doesn't that fit in with what I was telling you coming down?" Mr. Mason shook his head and said: "Yes. I guess it does."

What Mr. Zane told Mr. Mason coming down was interpreted for me later when I got to be Mr. Terrill's secretary, and he went to live in the house with fifty rooms. Terrill and other department heads got together to boost sales when the big boss began to warm up too much to Efficiency. They made weekly reports of their increases. When their totals began to cut in ahead of Efficiency's savings he began to cop these reports and doctor them before Mr. Mason saw them. That's what Terrill learned the last day I saw him arguing. Right then he determined to send copies of the original reports to Mr. Zane and tip him off what was going on.

From the moment of the bullfight, Efficiency faded out. He wasn't even there that evening when Miss Mason and Terrill led the grand march at the pavilion—Terrill looking happier than for weeks, and Miss Mason looking like Flo from the gift shop looked after she's chosen between me and Binckley. That was a great night! As I pulled Flo into line to start, what do you think they struck up? "Toreador!" from the opera!

PREACHER DISCOVERS REMEDY FOR BRONCHITIS.

After coughing for more than thirty years, Rev. J. J. Richards, 8 East Broad Street, Suite 1112, Columbus, Ohio, has perfected a treatment for chronic bronchitis. He is so grateful for his own recovery and so anxious to help other sufferers that he offers to explain this simple treatment free to anyone who writes him. Rev. Richards states that it goes right to the root of the trouble, quickly overcoming constant coughing and difficult breathing. It is both soothing and healing. If you, a friend, or relative suffer, write him today.—Adv.

* * *

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The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

* * *

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—Adv.

* * *

Land of Stone Trees.

ROCK impressions of palm leaves have been uncovered near Florissant, Col., the stem of an exogenous tree mined in a chunk of coal at Leyden, and petrified stumps of trees found in the streets of Denver.

The Long and Short of It.

"I'M SURE that woman thinks I'm just awful!" stated the thrifty wife to the prodigal husband."

"What lady's that?" asked the prodigal husband.

"The one who sat behind us in the restaurant. She heard me tell Jane to shut up. Wasn't that awful? She looked dreadfully shocked, and very disapproving. I'm sure that if she had been in my place she would never have told a nice little girl to shut up.

"I know just what she thinks of such expressions, and I know she never uses them. But Jane was insisting upon having all kinds of indigestible things and expensive things, and articles that take a long time to cook; items that are more or less experimental and have nice alluring names, but that are great disappointments when you start to eat them. I had to be allowed to do the ordering myself in my own way.

"But I know the lady who was so shocked at me would never have said, 'Jane, shut up!' She would have said 'Now, Janey love, mamma knows what to order. Mamma knows best, darling. I know you wouldn't like the jeveronie soufflay, would you, darling? You know you would prefer some of these nice beans A nice, sensible girl like you is sure to prefer nice, substantial, inexpensive things. So just let mamma order what mamma thinks best——' "

"Yes, but you didn't have time for all that," urged the prodigal husband. "The waiter was waiting. Besides, it was hot in the restaurant and we wanted to get thru with the order so that we could get thru with the waiter who was waiting, and thru with the meal and out of the restaurant.

"The occasion demanded brevity like a telegram. 'Shut up' was lots briefer and much more to the point and it cut out all superfluous words and saved time and money."

"Yes," admitted the thrifty lady, still unsatisfied, "but, you see, the lady evidently doesn't think that such rude words as that were justified even in the cause of brevity. When parents are rude to children the children grow up to be very rude and impolite themselves, and people like the lady in the restaurant think that the children aren't raised properly."

"Well, I believe your remark was justified," replied the husband. "When I am writing a 2-cent letter I can afford to be polite and nice and set a good example for other letter writers to follow. But when I send a telegram or indulge in long-distance telephone conversations I don't have to be polite. I simply say, 'Ship goods' or 'Order canceled!' As for cables—two-word cables are the longest I ever send. It seems to me that you got the idea you wanted to express in two words quite effectively, as effectively as I get my business cables expressed. You couldn't have improved upon it.

"Our language provides just such expressions for use in case of emergency and there is no reason why we shouldn't use them."

* * *

Crest of the Sierra Nevada.

THE highest point in the United States, Mount Whitney, is not an isolated mountain peak like Mount Shasta or Mount Rainier, which are old volcanoes, but is a summit in the great tilted block of the earth's crust forming California's sawtooth range, the Sierra Nevada.

One stormy day early in the seventies the first director of geological survey, Clarence King, laboriously, amid cloud and fog, climbed to the top of Mount Whitney, as he supposed, only to find, long afterward, that he had really climbed a neighboring peak. By a second journey, however, made two years later on a clear day, he reached the summit of the true Mount Whitney.

"The Sierra here," says Mr. King, "is a bold wall with an almost perpendicular front of about 3,000 feet, which is crowned by sharp turrets having a tendency to lean out over the eastern gulf. These are properly the crests of great riblike buttresses which jut from the general surface of the granite front. Mount Whitney itself springs up and out like the sharp prow of an ocean steamer. Southward along the summit is a region of confused rough-hewn granite obelisks and towers, all remarkable for the deep shattering to which the rock has been subjected.

It is a region which may even yet suffer considerable perceptible change, since a single winter's frost and snow must dislodge numberless blocks from the crests and flanks of the whole group. Indeed, at the time of my visit, notably the period of least snow and frost, we often heard the sharp rattle of falling debris."

The top of Mount Whitney stands 14,501 feet above sea level. Among mountains of slightly less height, none of them more than six miles distant from Mount Whitney, are Mount Russel, 14,190 feet; Mount Williamson, 14,384 feet; Mount Muir, 14,025 feet; Mount Langley, 14,042 feet; Mount Barnard, 14,003 feet, and Mount Tyndall, 14,025 feet.

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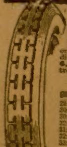

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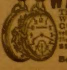

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For Ledger Girls and Boys

FEATHERS

"I LIKE Roger's the best of any school I've ever been to," wrote Jerry Morley. "The fellows are all fine and I think we'll have a dandy team this year, but I'm not feeling much better now and don't know if I can stand it or not. I sneeze every night, but not as bad as I do at home. How I miss my nice, soft feather bed now that cold weather is coming on!"

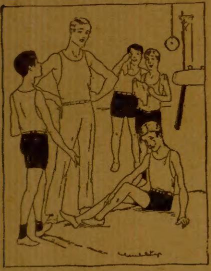
"Finished?" inquired his roommate, Mat O'Flynn.

Jerry hurriedly signed: "Your affectionate son," and put the letter into an envelope.

"What're we going to do?" he inquired.

"The fellers are all in the gym," Mat answered.

Jerry started up, then sank back, exclaiming: "Wait a second. I forgot something." With the aid of a pencil slipped under the flap of the envelope he got it open and pulled out his letter. "P. S.," he wrote. "Please tell Evy if she wants to send me something not to waste time on fudge, as we make it ourselves, but I would like a nice feather pillow, as the pillows they provide here are flat and I get so stuffy and suffer so at night I need a high pillow with plenty of firm feathers in it."



"Don't Make Fun of Him, Mat—You Don't Know How He Suffers."

Mat watched impatiently while he sealed up the letter again, and drew out a limp handkerchief.

"You always seem to have a cold," he observed. "You'll have to shake it if you want to play on the team."

"I know, sniff, sniff," replied Jerry mournfully.

"Hard luck," Mat sympathized. "Doc Fields says you'll makethe best player on the team. Come on, old top."

Jerry's stunts in the gym always brought admiring comments from the other boys at the school. He was a slender lad, but hard and muscular and supple. The boys were all in training now for the coming season, and the gym was their favorite meeting place. It was a new one and really not quite finished. The floor was smooth and slippery, but the pillars and rafters were rough and unpainted. Jerry swung up on the bar and after several stunts he hung by his feet head-downward. The bar was quite high and Mat had pulled a mat underneath. Suddenly, while Jerry hung there and seemed about to swing himself up to the bar, he was seen to shake and shiver. He gave an exclamation in a smothered voice.

Matt and two others, one of them the gym director, Dr. Fields, ran forward just in time to break the boy's fall and probably saved his neck from being broken.

"What's the matter?" Dr. Fields asked. "Lost your nerve?"

Jerry blushed and rubbed his head. Then he opened his mouth and drew in a sharp breath.

"He's going to sneeze!" Mat exclaimed.

But he didn't. He gave a few sniffs and replied:

"I lost that sneeze and I've been much better lately. I'm not very strong, Doc, if you must know it. I suffer a good deal and my mother is very much worried about me.'"

"Humph!" exclaimed Dr. Fields, viewing the healthy-looking specimen of boyhood with a doubting eye.

"If I find that Roger's doesn't agree with me," continued Jerry, mournfully, "I'll have to try another climate. I've tried a half-dozen schools already, but none of them have agreed with me very well."

Several of the boys drew out handkerchiefs and made out they were sobbing.

"Don't make fun of him," protested Mat. "You don't know how he suffers. I do because I room with him, and it"s a wonder to me that he's alive."

"He suffers, eh?" said the Doctor. "How does he suffer? I see no marks of suffering."

"He sneezes," explained Mat. "He'll sneeze half the night and so hard it's enough to take his strength."

"I think Roger's isn't agreeing with me, after all," said Jerry.

"Well, now; that's too bad, son," said Dr. Fields, who had had a suspicion that Jerry was one of these foot-in-the-grave fellows. "You stay around here awhile and I'll study your case. I think it's hay fever."

"I know it is," replied Jerry .

"Well, if that's the case, there's something poisoning you, some weed or something and you can get cured of it," Dr. Fields replied. "I'm going to write to a friend of mine who's in the laboratory of the university and see if we can't find out what the trouble is."

The boys now became all sympathy and interest, so Jerry felt rather important on account of his affliction. They helped him to his feet and he was seen to lean rather heavily on Mat and limp a little.

Every one at home was devoted to Jerry and in a short time a monstrous pillow arrived from Evy. It was twice the size of an ordinary pillow, but not as large as a bolster. Mat brought it to his roommate to the gym where the boys were fooling around, and they all crowded around to see the large, soft parcel opened. When they saw what it was, with a whoop they grabbed it and sent it sailing to different parts of the room. Jerry dashed for his property and after a wild tussle got hold of it and lay down on it to keep the others off. But they piled up on him, turned him over and yanked the pillow away. There was a rending sound and when next the pillow sailed off near the rafters the air was filled with feathers.

"Ah-choo! Sniff! Sniff!" came from the owner. The more they batted that pillow the harder Jerry sneezed. At last the whole gym was covered with feathers. The boys stood aghast. They never dreamed what a lot of feathers a little pillow could hold. Here was a very large room with the floor completely hidden and the rafters and pillars covered with the soft floating feathers.

An angry director appeared at the door and for ten minutes he expressed his opinion of those boys. Then came the order to clean up. No one was to leave the room until every feather was removed. Brooms were brought in and the boys set to work with a will. But the more they swept the more feathers flew about. They seemed to be alive.

"Hey, there!" Doc Fields called, as a figure tried to slink out of the door.

"I dod do do," came a stuffy voice, and Jerry looked at the director with streaming eyes. "I gan't stand id. Doing back my trung, do home."

"Ha-ha!" cried Doc Fields, beaming. "I bet I know what your trouble is! Go out and sit on the campus. I'll be along."

Mat touched his arm.

"What's the matter with him?" he inquired.

"Feathers!" exclaimed the director, grinning triumphantly ."Some people can't stand feathers. They poison them. Go up to your room and clean out the pillows. Throw them away. Don't leave a feather thing around. I can't afford to lose the making of the best man on our future team. Tell these fellows to turn the hose on these feathers and take them up as quick as they can. I'll have to go after Jerry before he packs up and leaves."

"Feathers!" Mat exclaimed, as he turned to obey orders. "Who'd have thought it! I hope I won't catch it. Hum! Ah-ah-ah-choo! Must be the feathers tickling my nose. Choo-o-o!"

❧

Opera for the Children.

THE teacher was using the gramophone to make the children familiar with good music. Two famous opera singers had just finished a duet and the teacher said: "Now, children, who can tell me the names of the singers we just heard?"

"Caruso," replied a small boy.

"Yes, and who was singing with Caruso?"

"Caruso's man Friday," was the disconcerting reply.

❧

No Whipping This Time.

"I'LL have your father give you a good whipping, Willie, when he comes back from fishing," said the stern but none too strong-armed mother.

"He won't do it, maw."

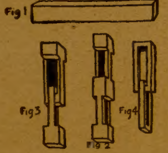
"Don't you think so?"

"I know he won't. I seen him comin' down th' street an' he had at least eight fish a foot long."

❧

To Carve Out a Wooden Chair.

GET a piece of white pine, basswood or other soft material about an inch square and three or four inches long and with a sharp knife cut notches in it as shown in Fig. 2 of the accompanying cut. Next carefully cut away the wood at the middle to form two links as indicated in Fig. 3. Cut out the portions of wood represented by the dark shading and finally with a small keen-edged blade cut the fibers apart so as to separate the links as in Fig 4. If one is a good whittler and has enough patience he can make a long chain this way by starting with a long, straight-grained stick. We once saw a Civil War veteran in a soldier's home putting the finishing touches on a wooden chain three feet in length. The links were smooth and regular and of uniform size. The work of course had occupied many hours, but time with this man was of little value. The work amused and interested him and the chain finally brought him a neat little amount of pocket money when he sold it as a souvenir to a visitór.



❧

Profit to Both.

"DAD," said the financier's son, running into his father's office, "lend me $600."

"What for, my boy?"

"I've got a sure tip on the market."

"How much shall we make out of it?" asked the old man, cautiously.

"A couple of hundred, sure," replied the boy eagerly. "That's a hundred each."

"Here's your hundred," said the father. "Let's consider that we have made this deal and that it has succeeded. You make a hundred dollars and I save five hundred."

❧

Kidding Teacher.

"WHERE were you yesterday, Tommy Cribbs?" asked the teacher.

"Please, mum, I had a toothache," answered Tommy.

"Has it stopped?" asked the teacher, sympathetically.

"I don't know," said Tommy.

"What do you mean, boy? You don't know if your tooth has stopped aching?"

"No, mum; the dentist kept it."

❧

No Lady at All.

ALBERT, aged 5, had been severely punished by maternal hands. His father on arriving home, found him in tears.

"What's the matter, son?" he asked.

"Daddy," replied Albert, pointing an accusing finger at his mother, "all I have to say is that I'm completely surprised at that lady."

❧

Valuable Discovery.

"WELL, Tommy, did you learn anything at school today?" asked the proud father.

"Yes, dad," replied the youngster with pugilistic ambitions.

"Fine! What was it? History, geography, grammar——"

"No, dad, I learned that Sam Snoggs, the butcher's son, packs an awful punch in his right."

❧

Young Enterprise.

"I MADE a penny, papa," said Harry.

"That's right, my boy. I like to see traits of industry in the young. How did you make it?"

"That boy next door bet me a penny I couldn't take my fifteen-dollar watch to pieces."

❧

Three Kinds of Flowers.

"WILLIE, how many kinds of flowers are there?" asked the teacher.

"Three, teacher."

"Indeed! And what are they?"

"Wild, tame and collie."

❧

Something to Make Thinkers Think.

Numerical Enigmas.

321—I am a passage from Shakespeare often quoted in a discussion of monarchs and their experiences. I consist of 32 letters.

1. My 1, 2, 8, 28, 30, 29, 32 a fabulous animal pictured in the royal British coat of arms.
2. My 12, 13, 2, 25, 6 is an English king best remembered as having had several wives.
3. My 31, 19, 20, 7, 13 is the largest animal found in the ocean and it is not a fish.
4. My 22, 23, 24, 26, 9, 7 is a small fur-bearing animal of the same family as the mink and otter. In winter when its fur is white it is called the ermine, but in summer when its fur is brown it is called the stoat.
5. My 14, 16, 10, 21, 15 is not leisure.
6. My 3, 4, 5, 11 is one of the points of the compass.
7. My 17, 27, 18, 3 is a tropical fruit, and also means the time of an event.

Acrostic.

322—The initials of the words described spell the name of a deep red stone used in jewelry.

1. A visitor.
2. One more.
3. A loud noise.
4. A home.
5. A polishing substance.
6. A game played outdoors.

Four-word Square.

323—1. Something which covers or half conceals the face.
2. A boy's name.
3. A cereal food.
4. Something used in tying.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

318—Addition and Subtraction.

Pear, ear, tea, mound—POUND. (Pteamound minus tea equals pound.)

319—Some Useful Scribes.

1. De-scribe. 2. Pre-scribe. 3. Pro-scribe. 4. Sub-scribe. 5. In-scribe. 6. A-scribe.

320—Beheaded Names.

1. F-red. 2. K-ate. 3. F-rank. 4. A-my. 5. B-ill. 6. M-aria. 7. P-hill. 8. G-race. 9. N-ed. 10. M-ay.

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Free To
Pile Sufferers

Don't Be Cut—Until You Try This New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time. Simply Chew up a Pleasant Tasting Tablet Occasionally and Rid Yourself of Piles.

Let Me Prove This Free.

My internal method for the treatment and permanent relief of piles is the correct one. Thousands upon thousands of grateful letters testify to this, and I want you to try this method at my expense.

No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is chronic or acute, whether it is occasional or permanent, you should send for this free trial treatment.

No matter where you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with piles, my method will relieve you promptly.

I especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases where all forms of ointments, salves, and other local applications have failed.

I want you to realize that my method of treating piles is the one most dependable treatment.

This liberal offer of free treatment is too important for you to neglect a single day. Write now. Send no money. Simply mail the coupon, but do this now, TODAY.

Free Pile Remedy

E. R. Page,
382 K Page Bldg., Marshall, Mich.
Please send free trial of your method to:

....

....

....

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

DOGS—PETS

DOG OWNERS, AMATEUR OR PROFESSIONAL. Here is your opportunity. New book, "Care of Dogs," free; contains helpful instructive information on feeding, training, diseases. Every dog owner needs it. Book mailed free with a 3 months trial subscription to Sportsman's Digest, America's popular illustrated dog and hunting magazine. Send 25c today (coin or stamps). Sportsman's Digest Publishing Co., 532 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

TOBACCO

HOMESPUN SMOKING TOBACCO—5 LBS., $1.00; 10 lbs., $1.75; 20 lbs., $3.50. Farmers Union, Mayfield, Ky.

FOR SALE

ARTIFICIAL EYES $3. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic, 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

STORIES WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC., ARE wanted for publication. Submit MSS or write Literary Bureau, 500, Hannibal, Mo.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

EASY TO SELL GROCERIES, PAINTS, automobile oils, roofing, stock food to consumers from samples. No capital or experience necessary. Steady, profitable work. Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed; 50 years in business. Write for full particulars. Leverin & Browne Co., wholesale Grocers, 1759 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN ACT QUICK. TEN PATENTED auto necessities. Spark plugs, visors, windshield cleaners, hose clamps, etc. Generous commissions. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 114, Sta. C, Omaha, Neb.

AGENTS WANTED

I WANT 100 MEN AND WOMEN QUICK TO make $75.00 to $100.00 a week taking orders for Comer All-Weather coats. McCrary averaged $120 a week, made $6,100 last year. Barnes made $523 in 30 days. Pengo took 3 orders in an hour. $10.00 a day spare time. New fall and early 1923 styles. Wonderful bargains direct from factory to wearer. No delivering or collecting. We tell you what to say, where to go, how to make big money. Sample coat free to hustlers. Write quick for liberal offer. The Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-188, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS: $5 TO $15 DAILY EASY. YOUR pay in advance, introducing new style guaranteed hosiery. Must wear or replaced free. No capital or experience required. Just show samples. Write orders. We deliver and collect. Elegant outfit furnished, all colors and grades, including silk and heathers. The Mac-O-Chee Mills Co., Dept. 438, Cincinnati, Ohio.

$100,000.00 CONCERN WANTS AGENTS TO take orders for gabardine gas mask raincoats. Biggest selling coat in America today. Wonderful value. Big profit—in advance. Two sales means big day's wages. Only sample of cloth necessary—furnished free. We deliver and collect. Write today for exclusive territory and selling outfit. Dept. 502, Lewis Raincoat Company, Cleveland.

NO DULL TIMES SELLING FOOD—PEOPLE must eat. Federal distributors make big money; $3,000 yearly and up; no capital or experience needed; guaranteed sales; unsold goods may be returned. Your name on packages builds your own business. Free samples to customers. Repeat orders sure; exclusive territory. Ask now! Federal Pure Food Co., Dept. 37, Chicago.

AGENTS—WONDERFUL SELLERS—MEN'S diagonal gas mask raincoats, "Goodyear Brand," costs you, dozen lots up, $1.80 each; women's, $2.00; children's, $1.65; rubberized aprons, $3.00 per dozen, and Wonder 3 in 1 Bag, $3.25 per dozen. Order samples now. Biggest season coming. Profits unlimited. Chester, 202 East 12 St., New York.

TERRITORY SALESMEN. FIRST POPULAR price fire extinguisher ever made. Retail $5. Others cost $15. Every home, office or factory can be sold. One man sold 12,000 in Dayton. Peck cleaning up in Detroit, $90 a week. No capital. No experience. Territory going fast. Write Thurston Mfg. Co., 109 Foe St., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—NEW WAYNE CUSTOM MADE all-weather coats in gaberdines, whipcords and novelty tweeds, pay $60—$100 weekly. Sell like wildfire because only rainproof cloth coats made. Experience unnecessary. Write today. Wayne Company, Dept. B, 9 West 24th St., New York.

RISK A POSTAL AND LEARN HOW TO start a profitable business without capital or experience. $60 weekly easy. Silvering mirrors, refinishing tableware, reflectors, plating. Complete outfit furnished. International Laboratories, Dept. 20, 309 Fifth Ave., New York City.

GENERAL AGENTS. SOMETHING NEW. Whirlwind sellers. "Repeat" Washing Powder. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throw away washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today free package. Kittredge Co., 12 Putnam St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

MAKE $5,000 EVERY YEAR—$2,000 IN spare time. You share profits besides. Show "Weather Monarch" Raincoats and Waterproofed Overcoats. Ask about "Duol Coat" (No. 999). Free raincoat for your own use. Associated Raincoat Agents, Inc., E448 North Wells, Chicago.

SELL MINITMEND FOR TIRES AND tubes; cost 2c repair; surpasses vulcanizing; save 800 per cent; every auto and accessory dealer buys; profits amazing; Shaw made $21 first day; Hart $156 first week. Particulars and free sample. Colonial Rubber Co., Desk 40, Philadelphia.

AGENTS—NEW INVENTION. HARPER'S Ten-Use brush set and fibre broom. It sweeps, washes and dries upstairs windows, scrubs and mops floors and does 5 other things. Big profits; easy seller. Free trial offer. Harper Brush Works, Dept. 62, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS: BIG PROFITS, NO COMPETITION. Make $5.00 to $15 daily selling our beautiful Scripture Text Calendars. Agents now selling from 10,000 to 50,000 yearly. Write now. Messenger Pub. Co., Dept. 119, 314 W. Superior St., Chicago, Ill.

PORTRAIT AGENTS AND OTHERS. GET big profits. Sell Perry photo medallions. You charge $2.98; make 400% profit. $10 daily easy. Big, exclusive line. 4-day service. Perry Photo Novelty Corporation, Section 28, 360 Bway, New York.

GREAT PROFITS ASSURED CAPABLE men joining immediately national selling organization for Evenflo self-filling ink pencil pen. Writes with ink instead of lead. Send for profit proposition. Evenflo Pen Co., Dept. 52, Grand Rapids, Mich.

"$10 A DAY AND MORE," OUR NEW book, shows clearly how you may gain sure success and large profits selling guaranteed hosiery and underwear, factory to family. It is free. Write today. C. & D. Co., E-46, Grand Rapids, Mich.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 104, East Orange, N. J.

MEN'S SHIRTS. EASY TO SELL. BIG DEMAND everywhere. Make $15.00 daily. Undersell stores. Complete line. Free samples to workers. Chicago Shirt Co., 9 So. Clinton, Factory 200, Chicago.

AGENTS—CREW MEN, NOVELTY MEN. Gloo-Pen, a 50c mucilage fountain pen; everybody buys on demonstration. Write for big profit plan. Gloo-Pen Co., 56-BB Pine St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

AGENTS—$75 TO $100 PER WEEK EASILY made selling Cresco raincoats, shopping bags and waterproof aprons. Big new selling outfit free. Improved Manufacturing Co., Dept. 294, Ashland, Ohio.

AGENTS—SIX NEW FAST SELLING NECESSITIES, big demand, unique selling plan, makes dollar an hour, credit given, samples free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Desk A, Chicago.

PEOPLE MUST EAT—BIG PROFITS INTRODUCING Mother Hubbard Foods. Goods worth $150 free. Sales guaranteed. Send for free outfit. Inthout Company, 556P Congress, Chicago.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 707-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN—MAKE sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs; big illustrated book free. E. Palmer, 502, Wooster, O.

300% PROFIT—SELLS LIKE WILDFIRE. Kleanrite. Washes clothes without rubbing. Samples free. Bestever Products Co., 1945-G Irving Park, Chicago.

AGENTS: 500% PROFIT. MAKE AND sell auto & furniture polish. Guaranteed formula 25c. Chemical Co., Steger, Ill.

AGENTS—$8.00 DAY. SPARE TIME. 50c seller. Home or office necessity. Plan free. Act quick. Jaco Co., Steger, Ill.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARTICLE plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

AGENTS: 200%. NEW LINE PERFUMES, etc. Write National Soap, 20 E. Lake, Dept. 4, Chicago.

SELL EXTRACTS AND SOAPS; NO MONEY required. Linro Co., Dept. 134, St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating, refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, headlights. Outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 1133 Broadway, New York.

STOP DAILY GRIND. START SILVERING mirrors, auto headlights, tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Indiana.

WANTED: RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. $135 month. Particulars free. Franklin Institute, Dept. J6, Rochester, N. Y.

MALE HELP WANTED

BIG MONEY FOR AMBITIOUS MEN IN automobile business. Millions of cars need constant service of trained men. Our course thoroly fits you for this important work. Many graduates making $2,000 to $10,000 yearly. Course very complete. Endorsed by big auto factories. Good positions await graduates. Learn in Detroit—the auto center, at the factory endorsed school. Write for free catalog. Be a winner. Start now. Send today. Mich. State Automobile School, 2209 Auto Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS MEN—RAILWAY mail clerk "exam." soon. Let our expert (former government examiner) prepare you for this and also rural carrier, post-office, customs, internal revenue and other branches. Write today for free booklet. Dept. 649, Patterson Civil Service School, Rochester, N. Y.

EARN $110 TO $250 MONTHLY, EXPENSES paid, as railway traffic inspector. Position guaranteed after 3 months' spare-time study or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet. CM-12 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards, established 1909, particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

U. S. GOVERNMENT WANTS HELP. MEN —women over 17. $92-$130 month. Steady. Common education sufficient. List positions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. J26, Rochester, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, FOR RAILROADS nearest their homes—everywhere—beginners $150, later $200. Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WANTED—MEN-BOYS. $35 WEEK. BECOME automobile experts. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 404, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY; travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Lucas, St. Louis.

WANTED—BIG PAY TO MEN EVERYWHERE distributing samples, booklets, etc. Whole or spare time. No experience required. S. Meyer, 211 Seventh St., Louisville, Ky.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 886 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

ALL MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS, 17 TO 60, willing to accept Government positions, $117-$200, traveling or stationary, write Mr. Ozment, 106 St. Louis, immediately.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. GREAT demand everywhere. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 1968 Broadway, New York.

BECOME DETECTIVE AND DO SECRET work in your town. National Detective Agency, Youngstown, Ohio.

DOGS

HOUNDS FOR SALE; WELL TRAINED FOR coons and skunks. Real treers, prices and ages right. Will please you. For full particulars, write P. O. Box 14, Paris, Tenn.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREPAID to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

LADIES—$10 TO $50 WEEKLY SELLING sanitary specialty used by women; whole or part time; dignified work; no experience; free particulars. American Rubber Products Co., A698 5th avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

TURN SPARE TIME INTO MONEY SELLING Sholl waterproof aprons, specialties. Big profits. Sholl Rubber Products, 2708 No. Western Ave., Chicago.

WOMEN-GIRLS. LEARN MILLINERY AT home. $125 month. Fall demand. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. J804, Rochester, N. Y.

WE PAY BIG MONEY FOR PAINTING pillow tops. Simple, easy, quick. Experience unnecessary. Nilsart Co., 2219 Spyrun, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

WANTED—WOMEN—BECOME GOWN DESIGNERS. $35 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. J 505, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$5,000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUSANDS of people who invested in Texas oil lands. They made the start. $2 may start you making $200 monthly, possibly more. You get warranty deed to land with interest in well and participating interest in entire subdivision. Results count. Bank reference, established facts free. Write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 611 Demenil, St. Louis, Mo.

MONEY IN GRAIN. $12.50 BUYS GUARANTEES on 10,000 bu. wheat. No further risk. Movement of 5c opportunity take $500; 4c, $400, etc. Particulars, market letter free. Investors' Daily Guide, 871 Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

50C AN ACRE CASH; BALANCE 50c ACRE monthly buys 10 acres oil land that may become worth $100,000. Get particulars. Gulf Realty Company, 230 Oppenheimer Building, San Antonio, Texas.

$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO LAND and interest in oil well that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Co., 233 Petroleum Bldg., Houston, Texas.

600 WAYS TO GET RICH, $1.00. NOVELTY House, 697 Evergreen Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS. PROTECT YOUR RIGHTS. BEFORE disclosing invention write for booklet and blank form, Evidence of Conception, to be signed, witnessed and returned with rough sketch or model of your idea, upon receipt of which I will promptly give opinion of patentable nature and instructions. No charge for preliminary advice. Highest references. Prompt, personal attention. Clarence T. O'Brien, Registered Patent Lawyer, Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS DESIRING TO SECURE PATENTS should write for our guide book, "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for our opinion on its patentable nature. Randolph Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. CONTAINS valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience). Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MICHIGAN FARM LANDS FOR SALE

GOOD FARM LANDS! NEAR THRIVING city in one of Lower Michigan's best counties. 20, 40, 80 acre tracts only $10 to $50 down; balance on long time. Investigate this opportunity to get a farm home. Write today for big free illustrated booklet giving full information. Swigart Land Co., X-1245 First National Bank Building, Chicago.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE. $5 DOWN $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $325. Box 425-S, Carthage, Mo.

SONGS POEMS WANTED

MELODY PUBLISHING CORP., ROOT Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y., needs songwriters for its staff of authors and composers. Members of staff pay no fees. Write Staff Manager at once.

HAVE YOU SONG POEMS? I HAVE REAL proposition. Ray Hibbeler, D45, 4040 Dickens Av., Chicago.

SONG POEMS WANTED. SUBMIT MANUSCRIPT to New Era Music Co., 103 St. Louis, Mo.

MEDICAL

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book, symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODESTONE tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

OLD COINS

GET LARGE OLD U. S. COPPER CENT nearly as large as half dollar, curious and interesting, and large 50 page illustrated coin catalog for ten cents—just as a "get acquainted offer." Send for one now. Some $25,000 worth of coins in stock. Get on my list for fine catalog free to my customers. B. Max Mehl, Numismatist, Mehl Bldg., Dept. Y, Fort Worth, Texas. Largest rare coin establishment in the United States.

POULTRY AND SUPPLIES

CHICKS 7c, AND UP. ROCKS, REDS, LEGHORNS and mixed. By parcel post C. O. D. Cats. Delivery guaranteed. C. M. Lauver, Box 18, McAllisterville, Pa.

PERSONAL

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE SUFFERING from chronic, nervous, blood, skin, kidney or bladder diseases, remember: we have been treating these diseases for over a quarter of a century. Established in 1896. Write: book, symptom blank and advice free. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN—WHO ARE LOSING OUT IN LIFE can find a marvelous remedy and restoration in 808 Tablets—the wonderful 48-hour medicine. Different from anything ever heard of. Holds world's record. $1 per box. Particulars and wonderful testimonials free. 808 Chemical Co., Dept. G, Pittsburg, Kan.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOPLE, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

PARTIES INTERESTED INVESTIGATE our business methods of promoting desirable marriages. Personal service. Save this adv. International Social Service, Box 2210, Denver, Colo.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MARRY — MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 26, Kansas City, Mo.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOGRAPHS, DIRECTORY and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

HEIRS WANTED AT ONCE. 50,000 ESTATES seeking claimants. You may be one. Send 2 cent stamp for circular. International Claim Agency, 62, Pittsburgh, Pa.

NOTICE—A LARGE COLLECTION OF PICTURES and descriptions of beautiful ladies sent free to any one upon request. Address Prof. Ward, B 529, Valley, Nebr.

MAGIC SECRET: HOW TO GET YOUR desires, gain wealth and success. Send 20c postage to Reo, 116 West 39 St., New York, Desk 2.

HAPPINESS FOR THE UNMARRIED. MAKE new friends everywhere. Illustrated paper with photos and descriptions free. The Bugle, A, Chicago, Ill.

GET BUSY, BOYS! WEALTHY PRETTY girl wants a husband. Write, enclosing stamped envelope. Lillian Sproul, Cleveland, Ohio.

MARRY IF LONELY; "HOME MAKER;" hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; years' experience; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, California.

MARRY, BEST, LARGEST. ESTABLISHED 18 years. Thousands wealthy members. Old Reliable Club. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Calif.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES, Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalogue free. Star Book Co. (BL-57), Camden, N. J.

1000 WEALTHY, ATTRACTIVE LADIES want husbands. Photos, introductions, descriptions free. Mrs. Martin, B-1022, Wichita, Kansas.

BRITISH GIRLS WANT AMERICAN HUSBANDS. Introductions, 25c. Clare, 16, Cambridge St., London, S., England.

WHY BE LONESOME? JOIN OUR SCANDINAVIAN Club, 2734 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS! WRITE BETTY Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DESCRIPTIONS and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

HEALTHY, WEALTHY BACHELOR WANTS sweet, affectionate wife. Ladies, write. (L-B) Club, B-40, Cimarron, Kansas.

EDUCATED GENTLEMAN, 50, WORTH $30,000, wants wife. Q-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

MAGIC WORDS! SECRET; SURE METHOD of obtaining your desires. Postpaid for dime. Smedley, 140 Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, BOOKLET free. Address Home Club, L-Box 22, Grand Rapids, Mich.

LADIES, WOULD YOU WRITE A LONELY merchant? Don't hesitate. Box 787, Denison, Ohio.

LADY, 22, WORTH $80,000, PRETTY, WILL marry. Club, Box 55, Oxford, Florida.

MISSING PERSONS

A department devoted to aiding readers of the Blade and Ledger in finding lost persons.

In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

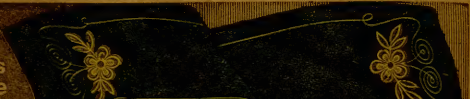
1, your name; 2, your address; 3, relation, if any, to lost person; 4, lost person's name; 5, age; 6, where last heard from; 7, when last heard from; 8, occupation, if any; 9, description.

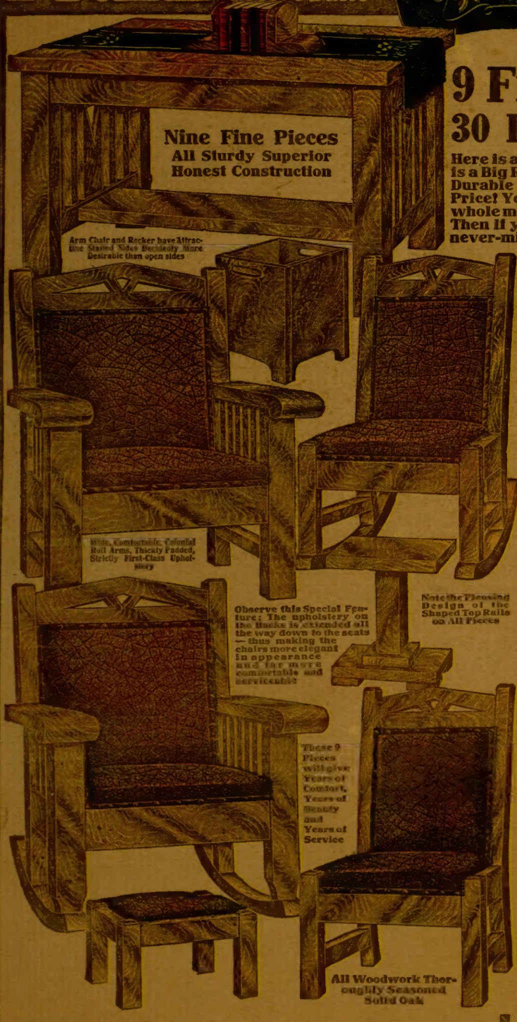
Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 35 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 35. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1.

Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Alonzo P. Tyree, Gloucester Point, Va., wishes to hear from his sisters, Pearl, Lilly, or brother Otis. I was put in orphanage asylum when baby. Birthplace not known, but is somewhere in Virginia.

FREE Embroidered Velour Scarf Free With This 9 Piece Suite




Nine Fine Pieces
All Sturdy Superior
Honest Construction
Arm Chair and Rocker have Attractive Slatted Sides Decidedly More Desirable than open sides
Wide, Comfortable, Colonial Roll Arms, Thickly Padded, Strictly First-Class Upholstery
Observe this Special Feature: The upholstery on the Backs is extended all the way down to the seats—thus making the chairs more elegant in appearance and far more comfortable and serviceable
Note the Pleasing Design of the Shaped Top Rails on All Pieces
These 9 Pieces will give Years of Comfort, Years of Beauty and Years of Service
All Woodwork Thoroughly Seasoned Solid Oak

9 Fine Pieces on 30 Days' Free Trial

Here is a better-than-usual Spear Bargain! Here is a Big Roomful of Handsome, Superior, Useful, Durable Furniture at a Slashing Reduction in Price! You can try these 9 Stunning Pieces for a whole month right in your own home at my risk. Then if you decide to buy, you can pay in little, never-missed monthly payments.

Price Last Year $53.50

Now Reduced to $38.85

EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS

$1 WITH ORDER

Picture in your mind how this beautiful, high class Living Room Suite will enrich the appearance of your home. Think of the years of satisfactory service it will give. Only a short time ago people were paying $53.50 for this suite and were glad to do so. At $38.85 it is A Bargain Beyond Compare! Then, with The Little Easy Payments, you will never feel the outlay. I guarantee that this Bargain will completely Satisfy the most careful, the most prudent, the most exacting buyer. And Back of this Personal Guarantee stands my Money-Back Bond. If after 30 Days' Trial your satisfaction is not complete in every way, you can return the goods. I will refund your first payment and all freight charges. This Trial will not cost you a penny.

THE 9 PIECES

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